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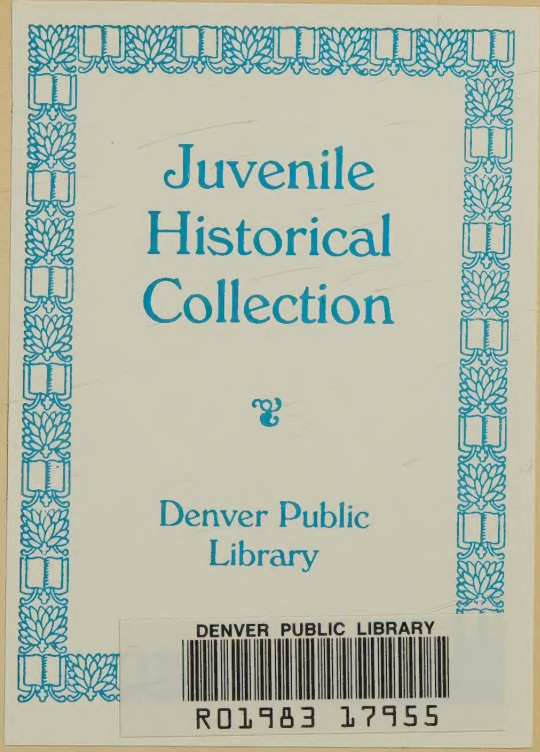
PAN AMERICAN SERIES

BRAZIL

STRATEMEYER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In quick alarm the jaguar turned. — *Page 321.*

Pan-American Series

YOUNG EXPLORERS OF THE AMAZON

OR

AMERICAN BOYS IN BRAZIL

BY

EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Author of "Two Young Lumbermen," "American Boys' Life of William McKinley," "Old Glory Series," "Ship and Shore Series," "Colonial Series," "Working Upward Series," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. SHUTE

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YOUNG EXPLORERS OF THE AMAZON

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PREFACE

"YOUNG EXPLORERS OF THE AMAZON" is a complete story in itself, but forms the fourth volume of a line known by the general title of "Pan-American Series."

My object in writing this series, as already mentioned in previous volumes, was to acquaint my young readers with some of the sights to be seen in the three Americas, especially such portions as lie outside of the United States. In the first volume, entitled "Lost on the Orinoco," a trip not devoid of adventure was made to Venezuela, where the five young explorers, in company with their tutor, who is also something of a hunter, saw much to interest and instruct them. In the second volume, called "The Young Volcano Explorers," the travelers journeyed to Cuba, Porto Rico, and other islands of the West Indies, and saw something of the tremendous volcanic eruptions at Martinique and St. Vincent. The third volume, "Young Explorers of the Isthmus," took the party to Central America,

where they landed at Greytown and journeyed through Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and that portion of Colombia known as the Isthmus of Panama. Sightseeing proved as novel here as elsewhere, and the young tourists took a hand at unraveling a most unusual mystery.

In the present volume the scene is shifted to Brazil, that immense republic of South America, with its three millions of square miles of territory, its twenty States and one Federal District, and its eighteen millions of people. The young explorers land at Rio de Janeiro, the principal city, and, after visiting many points of interest, including the botanical gardens and public buildings, make side trips to Petropolis, Santos, São Paulo, and other points. From Santos they journey up the coast again, stopping at Bahia, Pernambuco, Natal, and Para. From this latter city they proceed up the mighty Amazon, the largest river in the world, noting the rubber and other industries, and going out more than once into the trackless tropical forests after the unlimited game for which this region is so well known.

Information regarding Brazil, especially touching area and population and real values of some indus-

tries, is rather indefinite, yet in penning this volume the author has tried to be as accurate as possible in statements made. All figures given are taken from the latest and best authorities, including the reports of government officials and of those financially interested in the coffee, rubber, cattle, and other industries.

Once more let me thank my many young friends for the interest they have shown in my previous books. May the volume now before them fulfill their every reasonable expectation.

EDWARD STRATEMEYER.

February 1, 1904.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Bound for Brazil	1
II.	Days on the Ocean	12
III.	A Storm, and What Followed	22
IV.	Introducing J. Langnack Green	32
V.	Something about Brazil	42
VI.	Hockley Speaks His Mind	52
VII.	Sightseeing in Rio de Janeiro	62
VIII.	The Flag and the Mob	73
IX.	The Professor Speaks His Mind	83
X.	A Fresh Start All Around	93
XI.	In Which Hockley Turns Hero	104
XII.	A Feast and an Interruption	115
XIII.	On the Road from Santos to São Paulo	126
XIV.	A Brazilian and His Bloodhounds	136
XV.	On a Brazilian Cattle Ranch	147
XVI.	The Bull and the Hat	158
XVII.	A Church Holiday in Brazil	168
XVIII.	On the Way to Bahia	179
XIX.	News of an Old Enemy	189
XX.	Parkie the Monkey	200

CHAPTER PAGE

XXI. A Brief Stop at Pernambuco . . . 210

XXII. About Birds, Beasts, Butterflies, and Other Things 221

XXIII. The Stop-off at Para 232

XXIV. Up the Amazon at Last 243

XXV. About Rubber and Rubber Making . . 253

XXVI. The Land of the Great Forest . . . 263

XXVII. Trumpeters, and Some Monkeys . . . 273

XXVIII. What Was Found at the Indian Village . 284

XXIX. Strange Visitors at Midnight . . . 295

XXX. An Owl and a Turtle 305

XXXI. The Fight with the Jaguar 315

XXXII. An Unexpected Arrival 326

XXXIII. End of the Journey—Farewell . . . 337

ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
In quick alarm the jaguar turned. (*Frontispiece*)	321
Mark and Darry were surprised to see a small steamer close by	31
"What do you mean by insulting our flag?" demanded the officer	79
"I'm coming, Sam. . . . Don't move yet" .	112
Down went his massive head, and he charged upon the boy	161
"Hullo, here is the baby, as sure as you are born!" cried Frank	210
By this smoking and flaring affair they surveyed the scene before them	254
Around came the creature's tail and hit the canoe's side	309

YOUNG EXPLORERS OF THE AMAZON

CHAPTER I

BOUND FOR BRAZIL

"WELL, Mark, how did you make out with those last pictures you took on the Isthmus?"

"Five out of the six are very good, Frank. The one of the railroad station at Colon is particularly fine. The other one is so fogged up that it amounts to nothing."

"Which one was that?" questioned a third youth of the group on the steamer deck.

"That United States warship that was at anchor in the harbor when we left, Darry. It's too bad the picture was spoiled, but an amateur photographer can't expect to have every plate turn out perfect. Besides, it's hard work to develop the plates in this hot weather."

"Phew! Don't mention the weather!" puffed a

fourth lad. "I'm about half melted. You couldn't hire me to go into a shut-up dark room to develop pictures for all the photos in the world."

At this speech Mark Robertson gave a short laugh.

"Everybody to his taste, Sam," he returned. "You wouldn't bother with pictures, but when we were over in Nicaragua who was it went out in the sizzling sunshine to knock off geological specimens from the mountain side?"

"Yes, and who chased a couple of big butterflies half a mile when the mercury was a hundred and ten?" put in Frank Newton. "Mark is right: everybody to his taste. Now as for me, in such weather as this, I'd just as lief sit here in the shade and do nothing."

"Frank is getting fat and lazy," came with a laugh from Darry Crane. "Now, I must confess that sitting still never agreed with me. I——"

"Oh, we all know what you like," interrupted Frank. "Sit on some wild harum-scarum of a horse and go riding across the country like mad. I believe if you could have persuaded the professor to take us from the Isthmus to Brazil on horseback instead of by steamer you would have done so."

"And if so, wouldn't it have been a glorious trip, —over the hills and mountains, and across the *pampas,* and over all sorts of rivers and rocky torrents, and through all kinds of queer settlements? Here on shipboard what do you see? Not much outside of sky and water."

"But it's the easiest and quickest way to get to where we want to go," came from Sam Winthrop. "And I fancy we'll get horseback riding enough after we reach Brazil. Considering all the excitement we had on the Isthmus this rest on shipboard will do us good."

"Say, we certainly did have lots of things happen while we were in Central America and on the Isthmus!" exclaimed Mark, as he threw himself into a steamer chair. "Almost enough for a story book, if we could get somebody to write it up."

"That is true," returned Darry. "But those adventures weren't a patch to what we went through when those volcanoes at Martinique and St. Vincent broke loose. I'll never forget that as long as I live!" And he gave a shiver.

"None of us ever will," came from Sam. "By the way, where is Hockley?" he went on.

"He's asleep in his stateroom," answered Mark.

"I heard him snoring like a sawmill when I came past his door."

"I don't think he cares much for this trip to Brazil."

"Hockley never cares for anything unless he proposes it himself," put in Frank. "He wants to run this party."

"He had his heart set on going down to Peru after we left Panama," said Mark. "He met some mining people in Panama, and they told him about some rich gold mines, and he wanted to visit them."

"I suppose he thought he could pick up a few nuggets," said Sam, with a laugh. "Jake loves money even if his folks are rich."

"If Jake was allowed to go his own way he'd get himself into all sorts of trouble," put in Darry. "Now I like fun—you all know that—but I don't believe in being fast, and he does. We——"

"Hold on, Darry," interrupted Mark good-naturedly. "You know we promised long ago to bury the hatchet. Give Glummy a chance. He's been a pretty decent sort of a fellow since we came to terms some weeks ago."

"But he is getting ready to break out again, Mark. I can see it in his eyes. Yesterday, at the

supper table, he was as bilious as he could be when I spoke to him, and he acted the same way toward Frank."

"Yes, I noticed that," put in Frank. "But I thought it was because he might be getting seasick. As much as we have sailed around, he doesn't seem to be able to get over the tossing and pitching of the ship."

"If he breaks out again he'll have to keep his distance," came from Sam. "I voted to bury the hatchet the same as the rest, but I am not going to stand by and see Hockley dig it up every time he thinks fit to do so. I'll give him another chance, and that is all I will give him."

"Right you are, Sam," cried Darry. "Glummy needn't think because——"

"Hush! here comes the professor!" whispered Mark. "Don't let him know that we have been talking about Hockley again." And then the conversation was changed to a more commonplace subject.

The boys in the group on the steamer deck were four in number. The oldest was Mark Robertson, who was a great lover of the camera, and who had taken many creditable pictures. Mark was seventeen, tall and well-formed, and something of a leader

and adviser. He was the son of a rich New York dry-goods importer, and when at home lived on the fashionable part of Madison Avenue in the metropolis.

Across from Mark lived Frank Newton, his chum, the son of a banker, also well-to-do. Frank was a good-looking boy and well liked by all of the others. He now sat beside Mark, and the arm of each was over the other's shoulder, showing the affection between the pair.

The third lad of the group was Samuel Winthrop, often called "Beans," because he came from Boston. Sam was the only son of a wealthy widow of the Back Bay district, a studious youth, and one who loved to dabble in geology and make all sorts of collections of specimens. But Sam, although the most learned of all of the crowd, was very careful how he "aired his knowledge," so this did not militate against him in the eyes of the others.

The fourth boy of the number was Dartworth Crane, always called Darry for short. He was the favored offspring of a successful Chicago cattle-dealer, and had spent some of his earlier years on a ranch in Montana. Darry was truly an "outdoor" boy, and liked nothing better than hunting,

fishing, and exploring. He could ride any kind of a horse or burro, with or without a saddle, and his escapades in this particular would fill a volume in themselves.

Such were the four, "the chums for life," as Darry had once christened them; bright, clever lads, who were willing at all times to do anything and everything for each other. More than once they had been in positions of peril, and this had helped to cement the bond of sympathy between them.

There was another youth who belonged to this party, Jacob Hockley, already mentioned by the others, and now asleep in his stateroom, and "snoring like a sawmill," as Mark had expressed it. Hockley was the pampered son of a wealthy Pennsylvania lumber dealer, a raw-boned youth, with a white, freckled face, and hair of the reddish order. His manner varied, at times fairly pleasant and then sour and morose, the latter mood having gained for him the nickname of "Glummy," or "Jake the Glum." Hockley was supplied with an almost unlimited amount of spending money, but even the use of this had not made him any stanch friends.

"Glummy will find out some time that money doesn't count for everything," said Frank one day.

"And when he learns that lesson he'll be much better off than he is now."

All of these boys had at one time attended a boarding academy presided over by Professor Amos Strong, a well-educated instructor, who had in years gone by been a great traveler and hunter. But a fire swept the academy to the ground, and while it was being rebuilt, under the supervision of the professor's brother, it was decided that Amos Strong should carry out a long-cherished plan of taking some of his pupils on a tour of the West Indies, Central America, South America, and other points.

"I have always loved to travel and to hunt," said Professor Strong candidly, "and such a tour as this will put me in fine fettle for teaching when I return."

To Mark, Darry, Frank, and Sam the announcement that Jacob Hockley was to accompany them on the trip was an unpleasant one. But the lank youth had been one of the first to agree to go, and Amos Strong did not feel that it would be right to drop him.

"Well, under the circumstances, we'll make the best of it," Sam had said, and the others had agreed that this was the only thing to be done.

Leaving New York, the party had journeyed by steamer to La Guayra, a seaport of Venezuela, and in the first volume of this Pan-American Series, entitled "Lost on the Orinoco," I related many of the particulars of the adventures that fell to the lot of the young explorers while sightseeing in that South American republic, and while camping out and hunting for wild animals along the upper Orinoco.

From Venezuela the party had expected to go direct to Brazil, but an epidemic of fever had made them change their plans and move northward to the West Indies, on a tour of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hayti, and other islands. This was just previous to the disastrous eruption of Mont Pelée, and in the second book of the series, called "The Young Volcano Explorers," are given the details of this terrible holocaust which has scarcely a parallel in modern history. All the boys were sufferers in a greater or less degree because of this unexpected rain of fire, and Hockley became so frightened that he ran away from the others and took a ship for Trinidad, where his companions afterward joined him.

After a rest at Trinidad, which did all of the party a world of good, it was decided to visit Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and other parts of Central

America before turning southward once more. Passage to Greytown was procured without much difficulty, and in the third volume of the series, "Young Explorers of the Isthmus," we followed the boys through a new tour of sightseeing and adventures that had within them a touch of mystery that was most unusual. During this trip Hockley and the others were almost open enemies, and played many tricks on each other. The enmity culminated in a fight between the tall youth and Mark, in which Hockley was knocked over into a pond containing alligators. Horrified over what had happened, Mark leaped in to his enemy's assistance, and, aided by Frank and Sam, succeeded in getting the unconscious bully to a place of safety. When Hockley recovered he was dumfounded to learn what had been done for him, and that night at the hotel he told the others that he wanted to "bury the hatchet" and be friends. The others agreed gladly; and for the time being matters passed on smoothly.

On reaching Panama the boys and Professor Strong had been content to rest for over a week before making a move of any kind. Where to go next was the all-absorbing topic under discussion, and it was then that Hockley came out in favor of

Peru, because he wanted to visit the gold mines located in that country. But the other boys all favored Brazil, with a visit to Rio de Janeiro and other cities, and a trip up the mighty Amazon, and at last Amos Strong consented, and they returned to Colon (sometimes called Aspinwall), to book for passage on some first-class steamer bound for Rio de Janeiro.

CHAPTER II

DAYS ON THE OCEAN

During his travels of years before Professor Strong had paid two visits to Brazil, stopping once at Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, and then at Rio de Janeiro, commonly called Rio for short.

"On both occasions I sailed with a captain named Louis Barton—a fine fellow," said the professor. "His steamer was the *American Queen,* a craft of swift sailing qualities. If she is anywhere in these waters we shall do well to get passage on her."

On arriving at Colon, the professor lost no time in making inquiries at one of the shipping offices, and to his delight learned that the *American Queen* was then in the harbor discharging part of her cargo. She was to sail four days later for Rio, with one or two short stops on the way.

"This is certainly pure luck," he said to Mark, who happened to be with him. "I'll call on Captain Barton without delay and see if he has room on his passenger list for us."

They found Captain Barton on the deck of the steamer. He was a bronzed old seafaring man, with thick black hair and a heavy beard to match. He gripped Professor Strong's hand with a clasp of steel.

"Well, by the Great Dipper, if it isn't Amos Strong once more!" he ejaculated, as he shook hands. "I was thinking of you only yesterday. Heard in a roundabout way that you were traveling down here with some of your students and hoped I'd set eyes on you before I pulled up anchor. You look as natural as life and not a bit older than when you went down to Rio with me about—let me see—eight years ago, wasn't it?"

"Just that," answered the professor. He introduced Mark. "I haven't forgot that trip, and I'm here now to see if you can take me down again, along with the five young gentlemen that are traveling with me. I've been telling them about you and your vessel."

"Want to show 'em something of Brazil, eh? Well, it's a big country and well worth visiting; you know that as well as I do. But about passage for you——" The captain paused and pulled on his beard. "Of course you want to go first-class?"

"Yes."

"Wish I had known it two days ago. You see a party of four called on me about the trip and I promised to keep places open for them until to-morrow morning ten o'clock. If they take the staterooms I won't have but one small one left, and you, of course, can't use that."

At this announcement Professor Strong was greatly disappointed. But nothing could be done, and he promised to come around the next day and see if the staterooms were taken. He was on hand promptly at ten o'clock.

"Glad to say, for your sake, that the other party hasn't shown up," said Captain Barton. "So if you say the word, the rooms are yours;" and a bargain for passage to Rio was made on the spot. Then the captain invited the professor to his cabin to smoke and chat over old times, while Frank, who was along, went back to carry the news to the others at the hotel.

It was nearly noon, and Professor Strong was just leaving the *American Queen,* when a heavy-set, rough-looking foreigner rushed on board and up to Captain Barton.

"I will engage those staterooms you have been holding for me," he said in Portuguese.

"Sorry, sir, but your time was up at ten o'clock," answered the captain, who spoke the language fairly well.

"Yes, but why can I not have the rooms even so?" questioned the newcomer.

"Because I have just booked them to this gentleman," and Captain Barton nodded toward Professor Strong.

At this the Portuguese turned to the professor with a frown. It was easy to see that his general disposition was an overbearing one.

"I am sorry, but I will have to ask you to give the staterooms up," he said. "I told the captain he must hold them for me until I saw him again."

Instead of replying Professor Strong looked inquiringly at Captain Barton.

"You did say that," answered the captain pointedly. "But I said I would not wait longer than ten o'clock. It is now five minutes to twelve, and the staterooms belong to this gentleman."

At this the Portuguese, whose name was Barnabe Costavo, began to storm, and insisted that he was being cheated out of his rights. He grew so abu-

sive that at last Captain Barton ordered him off the vessel.

"I will go when it pleases me," he growled. "You Yankees think you can trample a South American or a European under the feet like a dog, but I will show you differently."

"You'll leave now!" cried Captain Barton sternly, "or else I'll have my men put you off." And then the Portuguese shuffled away, still muttering to himself.

"Will he make trouble?" asked Professor Strong. "I don't want you to get into difficulty on my account."

"Don't you worry," was the answer. "I know my rights. The rooms are yours, and that is all there is to it. I wouldn't have that man on board now at any price."

That evening Professor Strong, Frank, and Sam ran into Barnabe Costavo at the hotel corner. The Portuguese wanted to quarrel again, but the professor shut him off. The boys also took a hand, and as a consequence Barnabe Costavo became more enraged than ever.

"You shall not cheat me out of my rights!" he cried. "Perhaps I can do nothing here. But in

Brazil it will be different. Wait and see;" and then he walked away; and that was the last they saw of him for the time being.

Promptly at the time appointed the *American Queen* steamed out of the harbor of Colon and the long journey to Brazil was begun. The course was mainly eastward, through the Caribbean Sea to the islands of Curaçao and Trinidad, and then down the Atlantic past Cape St. Roque to Rio.

"How many miles shall we cover to Rio?" asked Darry, on the second day out.

"Over five thousand," answered the professor.

"My stars! As many as that! Then we've got the longest trip we have yet taken before us."

"That is so, Dartworth. But the *American Queen* is a swift-sailing steamer, and we'll make the trip in sixteen or seventeen days, including the two stops."

Curaçao, a small Dutch island lying off the north coast of Venezuela, was soon reached, and they went ashore for two hours at Willemstad, which they had visited when first starting on their tour.

"How many things have happened since we were here before," observed Sam. "Really, it seems to me that we have been away from home for years."

"Right you are," came from Frank. "But I fancy we'll see still more before we sail for home."

When the island of Trinidad was reached they spent one whole day at Port-of-Spain, with their old friend Wellington Cunningham, of the Cunningham House.

"Back again, his hit?" cried the Englishman heartily. "Hi knew as 'ow you couldn't pass me by without droppin' hin on me. Hi'm bloomin' glad to see you. So you are bound for Brazil at last? 'Ope as how you 'ave a rousin' good time there. Nothink like seein' this bloomin' world of hours, as I remarked when you stopped 'ere before." And he made them feel more at home than they had felt in a month.

"And now hurrah for Rio!" cried Darry, when Trinidad was left once more behind. "Rio, which they tell me is the stopping place for vessels from every quarter of the globe."

"It certainly is the stopping place for a great many of them," returned Professor Strong. "And with good reason. The harbor is one of the finest to be seen anywhere."

The *American Queen* was a screw steamer of a different build from those they had before sailed

on, and the young tourists often spent their time in inspecting the vessel, until they knew her thoroughly from stem to stern. But after leaving Trinidad every day of sailing took them closer to the equator, and it grew so hot that they were content to do little but lie around and read. It rained a good part of the time, but this did not cool it off, and at times the atmosphere was suffocating. Sam occasionally got out his collections of stones, bugs, and butterflies, and did what he could, with Professor Strong's assistance, to classify them, and Mark developed his pictures, and made a few prints, as already mentioned, but soon even this was cast aside.

"I'll tell you what I think," said Frank, on the morning after the talk about Mark's pictures and about Jake Hockley. "I think we are working up to a heavy storm."

"What's the use of scaring us like that," came from Darry, with a grin. "You don't know any more about the weather than we do."

"It won't storm at all," put in Hockley, who was lolling in the easiest chair he could find on the deck. "I looked at the barometer just before I came out and it was perfectly clear."

"Why, it's been storming," put in Mark. "It rained before breakfast."

"Oh, you know what I mean," answered Hockley crossly. "I don't call a spatter of rain a storm."

"I don't care what the barometer said when you came out, Jake," went on Frank. "I'm sure we'll have a heavy storm before midnight—I can feel it in my bones."

"Gracious! Frank's bones have become weather signals!" cried Darry. "Frank, you want to hang out a sign: 'Any old kind of weather foretold while you wait.' You might make as much as fifty cents a week at it."

"I'll bet you five dollars it doesn't storm between now and midnight," said Hockley.

"You know I don't bet, Jake; otherwise I'd take you up."

"I'll bet you a dollar it doesn't storm between now and to-morrow morning," persisted the other.

"Didn't I just tell you I didn't bet? Just the same, you'd lose if I took you up."

"Oh, pshaw, you haven't any sand in you. Who'll take me up, on one dollar or five?" And Hockley looked around at the others inquiringly.

For a moment nobody spoke.

"You know that none of us bet, Jake," said Sam. "It's against our principles, and besides, the professor asked us not——"

"Oh, if you're tied to the professor's coat-tails let it drop by all means," sneered Hockley. "I only thought we might get a little excitement out of this trip—everything is so dead slow. Now if we had gone down to Peru——"

"That's right, haul up Peru once more," came from Frank, who did not fancy what had been said about having no "sand," and being "tied to the professor's coat-tails." "I suppose we'll have Peru morning, noon, and night all the while we are in Brazil."

"I'll talk about Peru when I like," growled Hockley, his face reddening. "I had a right to my choice. But of course you were all against me—as you always are." And so speaking he bounced up out of his chair and walked away to another part of the deck.

"That settles it," murmured Darry, looking after the lank figure. "Glummy has dug up the hatchet once more, and all of us had better look out for our scalps."

CHAPTER III

A STORM, AND WHAT FOLLOWED

FRANK's prediction proved true; before the afternoon was half over the sky began to darken, the wind freshened considerably, and soon it began to rain in great drops.

"What did I tell you!" cried the youth, as he let some of the rain splash down on his hand. "And this is only the start, you mark my words if it isn't."

"So far I haven't heard any thunder," returned Sam. "Perhaps it won't be more than a little rain and some wind."

But Frank shook his head and declared that a big storm was brewing, and when Captain Barton was appealed to he said the same.

"But you needn't be frightened," added the captain. "We have clear sailing ahead, and the *Queen* has weathered all sorts of storms for eleven years. If it really gets to blowing hard it will be the sailing craft that will catch it."

"Jake, what have you got to say about the weather now?" queried Frank, when he met the Pennsylvanian just before the evening meal.

"I'm not saying anything," growled Hockley, and passed on without another word.

"You don't seem to be on as good terms as you were with Jacob," remarked Professor Strong, who heard the talk. "What is the trouble? Nothing serious, I hope."

"No, sir, it's not serious, but——" Frank hesitated.

"But what, Frank? I thought you had all agreed to bury the hatchet and be chums?" The professor's face showed his concern, for it was the greatest wish of his heart to see all the lads happy together.

"We did agree to that, professor. But Glummy —I mean Jake—he can't stay friendly, no matter what you do to please him. He has the notion that we are all down on him."

"Well, you did hold apart from him for a while."

"Not after we agreed to be friends and let the past drop. Every one of us did all we could to act fair and square. But Jake gets queer notions, and——" Frank did not finish.

The instructor drew a deep breath that amounted to almost a sigh. He knew that what Frank said was nearly if not quite true, and he had had his own troubles with Hockley more than once. He placed a kindly hand on Frank's shoulder.

"You must try to be patient," he said, in a lower tone. "I know Jacob is inclined to have a hasty temper, and you must help him to control it. With such good times as we are having, there should be no ill-feeling anywhere."

"Well, I'm certain I shan't start a row," answered Frank; and there the subject was dropped.

So far the meals on board of the steamer had been uneventful, but supper that night proved lively, with the *American Queen* rolling and pitching in the teeth of the storm, that was steadily increasing in violence.

"I'm glad we haven't got soup," observed Mark, as he held fast to the edge of the table. "I think we'd have more on the outside than on the inside."

"There goes my potato!" cried Frank, as the article mentioned rolled across the table and landed in Professor Strong's lap. "Professor, if you don't want that I'll take it back."

The professor lifted the potato and started to re-

turn it. As he did so the vessel pitched once more, and sent his cup of coffee sliding down the table toward Hockley.

"Hi, stop that!" roared the latter, and tried to catch the cup. But the effort was vain, and the hot liquid ran over his legs. "Great Cæsar!" he howled. "How that burns!" And leaping up he danced around wildly.

The other boys could not resist the temptation to laugh, and a shriek arose, that died away quickly at a look from Professor Strong.

"I trust you are not badly scalded, Jacob," said the professor, coming over to him. "The cup got away before I thought of it."

"It's bad enough," grumbled the youth, as he sopped off the coffee with a napkin.

"Never mind, the professor can order up another cup," put in Darry cheerfully. "I don't believe there will be any extra charge."

"Dartworth!" remonstrated Professor Strong.

"I suppose Jake is sorry you lost that cup, sir."

"If you'd been scalded on the knee you wouldn't be so tremendously happy," snapped Hockley. "I don't care a rap about the coffee that was lost."

"Oh, come on and finish eating," put in Frank,

remembering what the professor had said to him. "In another half hour, if this wind continues, we won't be able to do a thing but hold fast."

Quietness was restored and the meal progressed as well as the unsteadiness of the ship permitted. Truth to tell, Hockley was growing seasick once more and soon left the table and sought his stateroom. A moment after Professor Strong arose.

"Boys, take my advice and stay inside while the blow continues," he said. "I don't want any of you to get lost overboard." And then he followed Hockley, to see if he could do anything for him.

The moment he was gone the others began to talk the affair over.

"We made a mistake to laugh," said Sam. "Jake will be more down on us than ever."

"To tell the truth I couldn't help it," came from Darry. "I would have laughed at anybody in such a fix."

"The trouble is, Jake can't take a joke," came from Frank. "But we want to be careful—the professor told me he didn't like to see any quarreling."

Further talk on the subject was cut short by a flash of lightning that streamed into the dining saloon, followed immediately by a crack of thunder. Then

came more lightning, and the thunder rolled and rumbled on all sides of them.

"We are in the midst of it now," said Mark, as the crowd made their way to the upper cabin. "My! look at that!" And he dodged back, as a streak of lightning seemed to cleave the water just beside the vessel.

The rain was coming down in sheets, and in the gathering darkness but little could be seen of the ocean, save when the lightning lit up the foaming and lashing waters. The lights had long since been set, and two sailors were on the lookout ahead and one each to port and to starboard.

"The only thing to be afraid of out here in a storm is a collision," said Mark. "As the captain said, the ship can stand up against almost anything. But when two ships come together with a crash——"

"Now it's Mark that is trying to scare us," came from Darry. "I don't think the ocean is so crowded with ships away out here."

"No, but still we are in the direct path of all the vessels sailing around Cape St. Roque," came from Sam. "That is why they are so careful about lookouts."

The wind had now reached its full force and the *American Queen* pitched and tossed worse than ever. The lightning continued incessantly and at times appeared to play all around the topmasts of the ship, and the polished brass-work.

"It's a brilliant electrical display," was Frank's comment, as he gazed through a window at it. "But I don't want to be in it."

"Then you are glad you are not one of the look-outs?" said Professor Strong, who had just come up.

"I am glad." Frank looked back. "Did Jake come up?"

"No, he is not feeling well and thought he'd rather stay in his stateroom."

The professor began to talk to the others, assuring them that he did not think there was any real danger. The cabin was crowded and many of the other passengers, who overheard his remarks, took comfort from what he said.

It was a motley collection of people, all rich or fairly well-to-do, for those of limited means were either in the lower cabin or the steerage. The majority were Spaniards and Portuguese, with a fair sprinkling of Americans, English, and Germans.

Many different tongues could be heard in conversation, and this would have been very strange to the young explorers had they not been through similar scenes many times before.

Slipping away unnoticed, Frank hurried to the door of the stateroom that Hockley occupied and rapped softly. At first there was no response, but presently Hockley asked who was there.

"It is I—Frank," was the reply. "Will you let me in?"

"What do you want?" was the surly question.

"I thought I might be able to do something for you, Jake. I am sorry that you are sick again."

"So the professor told you I was sick, did he? He might better have kept his mouth shut."

"Can't I do something for you?"

"I don't want you to do a thing but leave me alone." He gave a groan of pain. "I guess you only came down to enjoy seeing me suffer."

"I did nothing of the kind—I came to help you if I could. Isn't there something I can do?"

"No." Hockley gave another groan. "I was a fool to take such a long trip as this. Go away."

"All right, if you say so. But I hope you'll feel better soon, Jake." And with those words Frank

departed. He knew that he had done his duty, and more, and he felt better for it. "Hockley can't say that I didn't try to be a friend to him," he thought.

Frank had scarcely departed when Hockley wished he had not sent him away. It was dismal enough to be sick and alone at any time, but it was far worse to be so during such a terrific storm.

"He would have been company at least," he thought dolefully. "And perhaps he could have suggested something that would make me feel better." Then he groaned again and shut his teeth hard. "I suppose they are all in the cabin enjoying themselves, while I have to stay here flat on my back, and—— Oh!"

He bounced up and scrambled toward the door of the stateroom. A splitting crack of thunder made him think that the vessel had surely been struck. He opened the door and looked out into the dimly lit passageway. Not a soul was in sight. A sudden sense of loneliness made him shiver.

"I'm going to the cabin, sick or well," he told himself, and getting into the clothing he had cast aside, he crawled forth to join the others, as wretched an object as one would care to see.

The worst of the storm was now over, and inside

Mark and Darry were surprised to see a small steamer close by. —*Page 31.*

of half an hour the lightning and thunder passed to the northward and the rain slackened gradually and then let up altogether. But the sea still ran high, causing the *American Queen* to pitch and roll as greatly as ever.

"We shall not be out of it until morning," said Professor Strong. "To my mind it was a most unusual storm."

"It was really two storms in one," said Captain Barton, when asked about it. "They met about a mile to the south of us and we caught the full fury of the combination. I shouldn't be surprised if we hear of some wrecks inside of the next few days."

Worn out by watching, the boys were glad enough to retire shortly after midnight, and none of them put in an appearance until ten minutes before the breakfast hour. Mark and Darry were the first to come on deck, and they were surprised to see a small steamer standing close by.

"That steamer was partly wrecked by the storm," said one of the sailors, in answer to Mark's question. "She was flying a signal of distress, and Captain Barton is going to find out what is wanted."

CHAPTER IV

INTRODUCING J. LANGNACK GREEN

To talk, in mid-ocean, with those on another vessel was an unusual occurrence, and for the time being breakfast was forgotten by the young explorers and Professor Strong, as well as by a large portion of the other passengers on the *American Queen.*

"That ship looks to be in pretty bad shape," remarked the professor. "And it must be true, or she wouldn't fly a signal of distress."

A boat had been lowered from the vessel and was soon on the way to the stranger, which was named the *Octavia.* The first mate of the *American Queen* was in command, and presently he was hoisted aboard.

"She has sprung several pretty bad leaks and two of her compartments are waterlogged," said the mate, on returning. "The captain thinks he can make land all right, but wants to know if you can spare him some casks of water and some cases of

canned goods, so that he won't run out of feed for his passengers. He says the owners wouldn't give him what he wanted when they left Curaçao."

"I reckon we can let him have all he needs," answered Captain Barton. "We are well stocked and are making a quick trip."

"When I told the passengers we were bound for Rio, some of them wanted to transfer to this ship," went on the mate. "One was an old friend of yours," he added, with a grin.

"An old friend?"

"Yes,—the chap who got in a row over those staterooms—the fellow named Costavo."

"Well, I'll not carry him—nor any of his companions," answered Captain Barton quickly.

"There were three others that wanted to come—all Americans and rich. They said they'd pay well if only you would take them."

"All right; we'll crowd them in somewhere."

So it was arranged, and after the water and cases of provisions had been transferred, the three American passengers came on board. In the meantime the first and second mates held a conference and they agreed to give up their stateroom to the newcomers, being paid handsomely for so doing.

Two of the Americans were business men, middle-aged, and sensible. The third was a young man of twenty, very tall and very thin, with curly yellow hair and blue eyes. His face was white and delicate, like that of a lady, and when he spoke it was with a drawl and a lisp that were most exasperating.

"Ye-as, we have had a truly horrible time of it, don't you know," said he to Mark. "The beastly storm made the ship roll wretchedly. I asked the captain if he couldn't do something to steady things, don't you know, but he paid no attention. He was exceedingly rude."

"It was an awful storm, no mistaking that," replied Mark, and then he introduced himself and the others.

"Real glad to know you." The newcomer drew a card from a case he carried. "Permit me. J. Langnack Green, and really very glad to know you. I am—ah—traveling for my health. So beastly cold in Brooklyn in the winter my two maiden aunts, with whom I reside, thought it best I come south for a change."

"Well, you won't find it very cold here, Longneck," came from Darry. "The mercury never——"

"Langnack, my dear fellow. Some rude boys in Brooklyn used to call me Longneck, but I never permitted it, never! It was too beastly a nickname, don't you know."

"Are you bound for Rio?" questioned Sam.

"I shall go wherever the ship goes. My time is my own, don't you know, and money is no object." J. Langnack Green gave a sort of giggle. "May I ask, are you traveling for the sport of it, or on business?"

"We are traveling for the sake of learning something," came from Frank. "We are academy boys on an exploring tour," and then he and the others told something of where they had been and what they had seen.

"Ah, yes, I've heard of you before," exclaimed the newcomer. "At a hotel in Havana. They told me you had had a dreadful experience with a sea captain who served you with truly horrible food."

"He means Captain Sudlip," said Darry. "Yes, he was a terror. But I reckon we got even with him."

"I trust we have a nice time together," said J. Langnack Green, and then he left them, to dress for lunch, as he told them.

"Phew!" whistled Darry, when he was out of hearing. "If he isn't a real, genuine, top-notch dude, then I don't know a mouse from an elephant. His name may be Langnack, but he's got the longest neck of any chap I know, and a high collar to match."

"I think we can depend upon it to have some sport with him," put in Frank. "Anyway, I love to hear him talk."

"His maiden aunts have made a regular sissy of him," remarked Sam. "Fancy him asking the captain of the ship to steady things!" And he gave a laugh in which the others joined.

One of the other passengers taken from the *Octavia* gave them information that proved of more than usual interest.

"That Portuguese, Barnabe Costavo, was very angry because he couldn't be transferred to this steamer," said the traveler. "He laid the blame on Captain Barton and on Professor Strong, and vowed that he would square matters when you set foot in Brazil."

"Evidently he is bound to make trouble for us," returned Mark. "Well, we'll have to take what comes."

"I really can't see what he can do to the professor," came from Sam. "We had a perfect right to take passage on this ship so long as the captain was willing."

"Costavo said you knew that the staterooms belonged to him."

"According to Captain Barton they were not taken when we engaged them," put in Darry.

Several days slipped by quietly enough. The weather remained hot, so that nobody cared to indulge in any of the games that cabin passengers on ocean steamers usually play. Most of the time was spent on deck, lolling under the broad awnings, in the breeziest spot to be found. During those days Hockley did a good amount of grumbling, but nobody cared to listen to him.

J. Langnack Green's chief concern appeared to be over his high collars, which insisted upon wilting almost as fast as he donned them. His cuffs also were in a constant state of collapse, much to his despair.

"It is really no use," he groaned, to Mark. "I have tried my best to—ah—preserve my linen, but nothing will stay starched, don't you know, in this beastly weather. I am afraid I shall run out of collars before port is reached."

"Take it easy and don't worry," replied Mark with a smile. "Now I gave up wearing high collars long ago. Anything that is cool and comfortable goes with our crowd." But J. Langnack Green would not listen. Three times a day he dressed for meals, much to the amusement of nearly all the other passengers. Some of his clothing, and especially his vests, were truly stunning, and even the ladies laughed at him behind his back. But he was unconscious of this and felt sure he was making a deep impression on all of them, and especially on several young ladies to whom he had been recently introduced.

"All young ladies love to see a young man well dressed, don't you know," he said to Mark, in confidence. "Now there is Miss Canning, for instance. She did not notice me at first, but when I put on those light blue trousers and that polka-dot vest, and that English puff tie with the dagger dashes, she really had to smile at me, she couldn't help it, don't you know."

"Oh, you know how to do it, no doubt of that," answered Mark. And then he had to turn away, to smile to himself at the recollection of how the young lady mentioned had laughed at the dude.

In spite of what Frank and his chums were willing to do towards being friendly with Hockley, the coldness on that youth's part continued and he kept himself away from the crowd as much as he could. But he wanted somebody for a companion and presently he fastened on J. Langnack Green. The dude was not altogether to his taste, but the fact that he had money counted greatly with Hockley, and Langnack loved to be praised, something that Hockley soon discovered.

"You're the kind of a fellow I love to meet," said Hockley, when the two were alone one day, in a corner of the cabin. "You're up to date and know a thing or two. Those other fellows I'm traveling with are all right as far as they go, but they are too goody-goody to suit me."

"Possibly they haven't—ah—seen enough of the world yet, don't you know," answered Langnack importantly. "Now I have been to London and Paris and to Switzerland, and of course that makes a vast difference."

"They hardly ever spend a dollar unless they ask the professor about it," went on Hockley. "Now I like to go off and have a good time in my own way."

"And I don't blame you, my dear boy! I once

had to travel with my maiden aunts, don't you know. One wanted to visit all the points of historic interest, and the other wanted to visit all the churches and hospitals! It was truly awful! I never had such a wretched time in my life. Now I like to visit the popular art galleries, when the ladies are there, or go driving in the parks, or go to the matinees at the theaters——"

"Now you are talking," interrupted Hockley. "The theater is the best of the lot—when there's a good show on. But the professor won't let us go unless the show is what he calls first-class, and that means some stale, flat old thing that nobody wants to see."

"Don't the others—ah—object?"

"No, they haven't the backbone. If the professor says 'go,' why they go and say nothing. They're a lot of sheep, one following the other," went on Hockley, trying to make himself believe that he was telling the truth, when such was far from being a fact.

"When you get to Rio do you expect to remain there some time?"

"Oh, I suppose we'll stay long enough to look around the coffee and sugar plantations, and all

that. We're out to look at the industries of the country, you know," and Hockley gave a sour grin.

"I shall remain in Rio some time. Why can't we have some good sport together? I have been told that the city is really a large one, with fine parks, drives, and theaters. We could go off by ourselves, you know, and——"

"Just the thing, if I can manage it," said Hockley, brightening. He remembered how he had tried to have a good time with Dan Markel and got the worst of it, but felt he would be perfectly safe with such a person as J. Langnack Green. "We'll take in every show in the town that's worth going to see. Of course you can drive?"

"To be sure. Why, really, when I drive in Central Park half the other drivers turn around to look at me, I do it so cleverly, don't you know. I took twelve lessons from an English driver on handling the reins alone, and six lessons on handling the whip," added the dude.

"Then we'll get a fast team and have a dandy time, in the parks and on the speedways outside of the city. I'll slip my crowd somehow, and they needn't know a word about what we are doing," concluded Hockley.

CHAPTER V

SOMETHING ABOUT BRAZIL

"JAKE seems to be getting quite friendly with Green," remarked Frank to Darry. "I saw them together in the cabin only a short while ago."

"He's welcome to the dude's company," was the answer. "Whenever that chap comes around me I can hardly keep from laughing or from poking fun at him, and I am bound to call him Longneck every time I open my mouth."

"I believe they have something up their sleeve."

"Oh, Hockley will probably want to go around with him when they get to Rio. But that will be for the professor to say."

"Say, you fellows are wanted in the cabin," came from Mark, as he strode up. "The professor is going to preach a sermon."

"All right, we'll be there," answered Frank, who knew that the word "sermon" meant a lecture by their instructor. "I suppose we've got to learn all

we possibly can about Brazil before we set foot there."

"I want to learn all I can," came from Mark. "Then a chap doesn't feel so much like a gawk when he lands."

"I've been reading up a bit," put in Sam, who stood near. "So I am ready for the professor."

"Never knew the time when you weren't ready," grumbled Darry. "I believe you'd rather study than eat."

"I would—after dinner," came back with a laugh, and then Sam ran off as Darry pretended to shy something at him.

Hockley had already been notified and he had asked if J. Langnack Green could not be present also.

"Certainly, if he wishes," was Professor Strong's answer. "But he must remember that the talk is more particularly for those traveling with me."

A cool and quiet corner of the cabin had been selected and here the professor had hung up two maps, one of South America in general and the other of Brazil in particular. Before these maps the boys ranged themselves on camp stools, the professor sitting at the side, with a long pointer in his hand. To

the rear sat J. Langnack Green and several others who had drifted near to listen to what was going on.

"Our talk to-day will be on Brazil in general," began Professor Strong. "As you will see by the map, this immense South American Republic occupies the eastern portion of the continent, with a large section sticking out boldly into the Atlantic Ocean. It is bounded on the north by Venezuela and the three Guianas—British, Dutch, and French. To the northeast and southeast lies the Atlantic. On the southwest are Uruguay, Argentina, Paraguay, and Bolivia, and on the west Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia. Can any one tell me the area of Brazil?"

"It is not exactly known, but is claimed to be over three million two hundred thousand square miles," answered Sam promptly.

"How large do you think that is, compared with our own United States?"

"I guess it's about half as large," came from Hockley, who felt compelled to say something.

"It's a little larger than the United States proper," came from Mark.

"Mark is right, the Republic of Brazil is larger than our own States with Hawaii thrown in, but

not quite as large as the United States with Alaska. Now who can tell me about the population?"

"The population is about eighteen millions," answered Sam, as promptly as before.

"You are right, and that is almost half the population of the whole of South America. Now what is Brazil noted for?"

"Coffee," said Darry.

"Cattle," came from Frank.

"For having the largest river in the world," replied Mark.

"You are all right, but I had the river in mind when I spoke. As Mark says, the Amazon River is the largest in the world, and, roughly speaking, it is between thirty-five hundred and four thousand miles in length. It is formed, in Peru, by the mingling of the waters of the rivers Marañon and Ucayale, and several smaller streams, and is united with the Orinoco by the Cassiquiare and the Negro, as we learned when we were in Venezuela. As it flows toward the Atlantic its volume is increased by the waters of the Madeira, Tapajos, Xingu, and other rivers that are very large in themselves. Where the stream enters Brazil it is about a mile wide and at its mouth it is fifty miles wide."

"What a truly remarkable river," lisped J. Langnack Green. "I must visit it before I leave the country, I really must, don't you know."

"To a great extent the Amazon flows through a flat country, and is lined on either side with heavy forests, where the growth is even thicker than that we saw on the Orinoco. The country being flat, the river is not particularly deep, yet steamboats can navigate it for a distance of over two thousand miles, and small boats can go several hundreds of miles further."

"Well, that's far enough for me," murmured Darry. "If you went that far on the Mississippi you'd find yourself away out somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico." And this caused a smile, in which even Professor Strong joined.

"The Amazon and its tributaries drain the entire northern section of Brazil," went on the instructor. "This section is, as I said before, mostly flat. To the east the country is somewhat mountainous, and this section is drained by the San Francisco, which flows north and then east into the Atlantic. In the south is another river, the Paraná, also of considerable importance."

"A pretty well watered country," whispered Frank.

"Of the cities the most important is Rio de Janeiro, for which we are bound. That has an estimated population of over half a million, and is located, as you know, on the southeast coast. Other large cities are Bahia and Pernambuco, located to the north of Rio, and Para, situated near the mouth of the Amazon. There are numerous others, of which we will learn more after we have landed in the country."

"What is the chief industry?" asked Frank. "Somebody said it was rubber."

"Rubber is a very large industry, and when we visit the Amazon we shall have to see how it is collected from the trees. But the main industries are coffee, sugar, hides, and tallow. Many drugs are also exported, and rosewood and other valuable lumber. Everything that will grow in a hot country grows in the upper section of Brazil, and to the southward are grown many things that we have in our own States."

"How about traveling around?" asked Sam. "Are there many railroads?"

"Not as compared with the railroads at home,

Samuel. I have not the exact figures, but I think the total mileage is less than ten thousand. But they have the telegraph, telephone, and electric lights, the same as we do, and Rio is connected with Europe by cable."

"I know they've got a pretty good navy," came from Mark. "Several years ago I saw one of their warships lying off Staten Island."

"Yes, the navy consists of about one hundred steam vessels, some of them steel or iron clad, manned by about twenty thousand officers and men. The army is of equal strength, when on a peace footing, and is provided with up-to-date guns and cannon. The forts in the various harbors have been in poor condition in the past, but the government is now improving them as rapidly as the treasury of the country will permit."

"When did Brazil become a republic?" questioned Hockley.

"Brazil has been a settled republic for only a handful of years. It was discovered by Pinzon and by Cabral in 1500, and settled by Portuguese, Spaniards, and colonists from Germany, Switzerland, and other portions of Europe. In 1822 an empire was formed, under Dom Pedro, the son of the

Portuguese king. Nine years later Pedro II. came to the head of the government, and while he occupied that position Brazil united her fortunes with those of the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, and overthrew the mighty dictator Lopez, of Paraguay, who was striving to crush his neighbors. Following this, slavery was abolished throughout the whole of Brazil."

"That was a good job done," came from Frank. "Just as good as overthrowing the dictator."

"In 1889 there was a revolution, which had been simmering for a long time. Pedro II. was presented with a manifesto, in the presence of a large body of revolutionary troops, which declared that the empire was abolished and that Brazil was to be henceforth a republic. The emperor demurred and held a council, but in the midst of this he and his family were carried off to a ship lying in the harbor of Rio, and, later on, transferred to Lisbon."

"That was a quick way to do things," laughed Frank.

"The provisional government, under General Fonseca, decreed universal suffrage to all Brazilians who could read and write, and called for an

election of delegates to an assembly. In the past the Roman Catholic religion had been the state religion, but by another decree the church and the state were separated. This was in January, 1890, and shortly after this the United States recognized Brazil as a sister republic."

"Is the Republic of Brazil run like ours?" questioned Sam.

"Not exactly. There are twenty States and one Federal District, similar to our District of Columbia. There is a President, and a congress consisting of a senate and a chamber of deputies."

"Somebody said there was gold in Brazil," said Hockley.

"There are some very rich gold and silver mines in the country, Jacob, and also copper and iron mines. Various other minerals are found, and also various kinds of precious stones. The mines are, of course, mostly in the mountainous regions, and we will visit what we can of them before we come away."

"Jake wants to pick up a nugget or two," said Darry slyly.

"Well, I don't think you'd object to that yourself," growled that individual.

"I'm really sure nobody would, don't you know," came from J. Langnack Green.

"The most important mountain range in Brazil is that along the southeast coast," continued Professor Strong. "Some of the peaks are quite high, that of Itacolumi, north of Rio, being about one mile, and another peak being estimated to be over a mile and a half."

"That will make just a nice climb," came from Darry.

"If the way isn't too rough," put in Frank.

"You haven't said anything about volcanoes," remarked Sam. "Shall we visit any while we are in Brazil?"

"Don't mention volcanoes!" cried Hockley quickly. "I don't want to get within ten miles of one."

At this the professor had to smile broadly.

"I don't wonder at your being alarmed, young gentlemen," he said. "We shall be perfectly safe. So far as known, there are no volcanoes in Brazil. In several districts there are what are known as hot springs, similar to the hot springs in the United States, but that is all."

CHAPTER VI

HOCKLEY SPEAKS HIS MIND

"DRY as a pumpkin, wasn't it?" remarked Hockley, after the talk on Brazil had come to an end and he and J. Langnack Green had left the cabin.

"Oh, it was fairly interesting," yawned the dude. "But I really don't see why he didn't speak of the social conditions and all that, don't you know. When I get to Rio I shall do what I can to be introduced to the best families, and he told us absolutely nothing about them."

"The professor doesn't move in swell society—not but that he knows some first-class people. He counts a man for what he says is his real worth, not his dress or his money."

"Really! How strange! I can't bear a man who doesn't dress correctly, don't you know," answered Langnack, as he surveyed his own spotless outfit with great pride. "I once had a private tutor—a chap who gave lessons in history and all that, don't you know. They said he was an awfully clever fel-

low. But, do you know, he wore such old-fashioned collars and hats I couldn't bear him at all, and I made my aunts discharge him and hire a fellow who used to dress like a fashion plate."

"And was the new tutor just as smart?" asked Hockley curiously.

"Well, I can't really say as to that. His dress was what took my eye, and I used to take up nearly all of his time asking him about his tailor and how he picked his colors, and all that, don't you know. We didn't get along very far in history, but I liked him better than any teacher I ever had," concluded J. Langnack Green.

The day was almost cloudless and the ocean rolled lazily, as if there were no storms to disturb its mighty bosom. Far in the distance circled a flock of sea-gulls, occasionally in front of the steamer and then behind. The waves glistened in the sunlight, and in the dark green to the leeward could be seen a school of porpoises at play.

"They seem to have a good time," remarked Sam, as he and Frank watched their curious antics. "They act as if they hadn't a care in the world."

"It's queer, but since leaving Trinidad I haven't noticed a single shark near us," said Frank.

"Come over here and you'll see one!" cried Mark, who stood at the rail. And walking over they beheld an immense fellow swimming close to the ship, with a little pilot fish only a few feet away.

"He's a lazy beggar," was Frank's comment. "He is letting the suction of the steamer carry him along."

"I wonder if we can't harpoon him," put in Darry, as he joined the group.

"Oh, we might be able to do that," came from Mark; "but what good would it do? Captain Barton wouldn't want his deck dirtied up by such a haul."

"And who wants a shark anyway?" came from Frank. "As long as they leave me alone I am willing to leave them alone."

With the storms a thing of the past, and the weather a trifle cooler, the passengers took up their amusements once more, and every day there were games at shuffleboard on the deck, quoits, and other contests, while in the main cabin somebody was either singing or playing. The boys got acquainted with nearly all of those who could speak English, and learned much from such as lived in Brazil or who had visited that republic.

"Of course you will find it vastly different from what you see in the United States," said one gentleman to Mark. "But as you have already visited Central America, Cuba, and Venezuela you know about what to expect."

They had already passed Cape St. Roque, and the course of the *American Queen* was now straight down the coast to Rio, a distance of twelve hundred miles.

"How far below the equator is Rio?" asked Frank of Professor Strong.

"About twenty-three degrees—the same distance that Havana, Cuba, is above the equator."

"Are the climates about the same?"

"To a great extent, yes, although Rio, being located on the Atlantic coast, is tempered by different breezes than those felt at Havana. The rainfall is, I think, about the same."

"Do you know many persons in Rio?"

"When I was there last I made half a dozen warm friends. But some of these I have not heard from in years."

As the days slipped by it was observed that Hockley and J. Langnack Green became warmer friends than ever, and the lank youth now paid a great deal

of attention to his dress, whereas in former days he had been rather indifferent regarding his apparel.

"Gracious! I really believe Jake is going to turn dude!" ejaculated Darry one day. "Did you see the outfit he is wearing this morning? That light checkered suit he hasn't put on since we left New York. And he's got a stunning necktie on that Longneck must have lent him."

"Jake as a dude would be simply great!" returned Frank, with a hearty laugh. "Fancy Glummy with light gloves, a polished cane, patent leathers, and a cigarette, strolling up Broadway like this." He gave an illustration up and down the deck. "Wouldn't it be killing?"

"He'd have to put some talcum powder on those freckles of his first," put in Darry. "A dude with freckles don't go. Now if Glummy would only——"

Darry broke off short, as Frank leaned suddenly forward and pinched his arm. But it was too late. Hockley stood directly behind them, and the look on his face showed plainly that he had overheard all that had been said.

"So you think I'm a dude, do you?" he cried wrathfully. "And I'd look like a monkey walking

up Broadway?" He shook his fist at them. "For two pins I'd knock you both down!"

"Well, Jake, we——" stammered Frank. He hardly knew what to say, he was so taken by surprise.

"Oh, you needn't try to crawl out of it. I heard what you said, and I heard what Darry said too. If it wasn't for the look of things I'd give you both a thrashing right here on the deck."

"Perhaps you'd have to spell able first," came from Darry. "I don't know that it was quite fair for us to say what we did, but that's no reason why you should pitch into us like a wild Indian," he added.

"Jake, I acknowledge it wasn't just the right thing to say," came from Frank, thinking once again of what the professor had said. "Of course you have a right to dress as you please."

"So you crawl, do you?" came back with a sneer. "I knew you would. You are both a pair of cowards."

"We are not cowards," answered Frank bravely. "But we don't want to quarrel with you. It's not right, and Professor Strong doesn't want to see it."

"I said you were a pair of cowards, and I'll stick to it," went on Hockley, working himself up into one of his useless passions. "Being friendly was only a big bluff, and all of your crowd know it. After this I want every one of you to keep your distance, and if you try to step on my toes again I'll go at you hammer and tongs."

His face was pale and he stood before them with both fists clenched, as if ready to attack them on the spot. Further argument would have been useless, and Frank and Darry realized it.

"All right, Jake, if you want it that way," said Frank quietly.

"If you prefer to go it alone you have that privilege," added Darry; and then the two walked away, leaving Hockley glaring after them.

"I knew they'd crawl sooner or later," said the bully to himself. "They are afraid of me when I show them that I really mean business. After this I'll not give in an inch to them."

"What truly horrible fellows!" exclaimed J. Langnack Green, who had listened to the encounter from a safe distance. "I would have nothing further to do with the rude creatures!"

"I'd cut them dead if I could," answered Hock-

ley. "But as we are all traveling together I have to put up with them in some things."

"Why don't you leave them?"

"My father doesn't want me to do that. He wants me to travel with Professor Strong. If I won't do that he says I've got to come home and go into business with him. And I don't want to go to work just yet."

"What is your—ah—father in?"

"The lumber trade."

"Oh! Does he—ah—handle boards and such things?"

"Hardly. He's president of a lumber company, and owns several sawmills."

"Really! Well, if you could—ah—become a vice-president, or something like that, don't you know, it wouldn't be so bad."

"Dad says I've got to learn the business from end to end before he'll have me in the office. He says he worked his way up from the very bottom, and I must do the same. That's why I prefer traveling around, especially as he lets me have nearly all the spending money I want."

"Ye-as, it's much more pleasant. Now my aunts, don't you know, once wanted me to become a

banker in Wall Street. I said I was willing, and I got a letter of introduction to an old banker who had known my father. When I went to him, what do you think? That rude fellow wouldn't give me any sort of an official position, but wanted to put me at the books, like a common clerk! I told him I would not dirty my hands in that manner, and walked out. I shall never forgive him for the outrageous insult, never!"

It was not long after the encounter with Hockley that Frank and Darry sought out Sam and Mark, who were reading books of travel in a far corner of the deck.

"We've had another row with Hockley," said Frank, and gave the particulars. "I suppose he'll never forgive me for what I said."

"For what we both said," added Darry. "Oh! but wasn't he mad! He looked as if he could chew us both up."

"It certainly was unfortunate," came from Sam. "He can dress as he pleases, and it's really none of our business."

"Hockley has had this feeling coming on ever since we left Panama," said Mark. "When the professor wouldn't go to Peru he got sour

clean through, and he had to let it out on somebody."

"We should have had an out-and-out fight if we hadn't been on the deck," said Darry. "And how that would have ended there is no telling."

"I reckon we could have whipped him," returned Frank. "But I don't want a fight. I'm going to keep the peace if I possibly can."

"After this let us pay no attention to his clothes, no matter how he dresses," was Sam's advice.

"I'm willing to leave him alone altogether," put in Mark. "We can get along well enough without him."

"But that wouldn't be quite fair, Mark."

"It's fair enough if Glummy wants it that way. I'm sure we haven't got to toady to him."

"Let us leave him severely alone for a while, and see what comes of it," said Darry. "I think he'll feel mean enough when he sees that we intend to take him at his word."

"But what will the professor say?" questioned Frank anxiously. "It won't take him long to see that something is wrong."

"He can talk to Glummy as well as he can talk to us," came from Sam; and there the conference closed.

CHAPTER VII

SIGHTSEEING IN RIO DE JANEIRO

It is said, and truthfully, that the Bay of Rio de Janeiro is one of the safest and most beautiful in the world. Beyond the bay the mountains line the shore for miles, standing out boldly against the sky and covered in spots with all hues of tropical vegetation.

The bay is from two to six and a half miles in width and over sixteen miles long, with many inlets and smaller harbors, giving a coast line sixty miles in length, where ships may anchor and take on or put off cargoes in absolute safety. In the harbor are a number of islands, Governor's Island, about six miles long, being the largest.

"As you can see, the city of Rio is situated on the western side of the bay," said Professor Strong to the young explorers when the *American Queen* was coming up the harbor. "A portion of it lies at the water's edge and other parts lie among the hills and mountains back of the shore."

"I saw that the ship came in between two forts," observed Mark.

"Yes, Fort Santa Cruz and Fort São João. In 1893 there was a naval rebellion here and things were pretty hot. But since that time all has been fairly quiet."

The shipping interested all of the party. The flag of nearly every nation under the sun was flying there, and vessels that were totally new in make-up to the lads could be seen on both sides.

"There is an odd-looking Japanese ship," remarked Frank. "I never saw anything like it before."

"Look at the small boats," came from Darry. "The bay is fairly alive with them;" and what he said was true. Small boats were on every hand, some carrying freight and some passengers. There were fruit boats without number, and once a large barge filled with bellowing cattle floated by them.

The *American Queen* came to anchor not far from the main docks of Rio, and after bidding farewell to Captain Barton the young explorers went ashore in a steam launch that came out to receive them. There was but little trouble concerning the baggage,

and several hours later found them at one of the leading hotels of the city.

"The streets are about as narrow as those downtown in New York," remarked Frank, "but I must say they are a good bit cleaner than in most tropical towns."

"Did you notice what fine stores they have?" put in Sam. "Just as elegant as one would wish to see."

"Are the Brazilians wealthy?" questioned Darry.

"Many of the higher classes are," responded the professor. "And you must remember that many rich exporters and importers of other nationalities reside at Petropolis, the fashionable resort on the opposite shore of the bay. Fortunes have been made in coffee and cattle, not to mention the many other industries, and a good portion of the people know how to hold on to the money they make."

"I think I'd just as lief rest at the hotel for a day or two," said Hockley to Professor Strong a little later. "The motion of the ship made me feel bad, and I want to keep quiet."

"Very well, Jacob, you shall keep quiet," was the answer. "If you think you need a doctor I will have one come in."

"Oh, no, all I want is to keep off my feet."

So it was arranged that Hockley should remain in his room the next day while the professor and the other boys made a general tour of the town.

"I believe Glummy has got something up his sleeve," said Darry, when he heard of the arrangement.

"Do you think he is working to play some trick on us?" demanded Mark.

"I don't know what to think, exactly. But we had better keep our eyes open."

But Hockley was not thinking of the others, or of how to "get square" just then. His mind was filled with the thought of going off with J. Langnack Green and having a good time.

"I've got the professor fixed," he said, as he slipped into the room which the dude had engaged at the hotel. "As soon as he and the others leave we can clear out on our own hook and have just the best time that money can buy."

"Ye-as, my dear boy, we can," answered Langnack. "But you'll have to keep on the lookout, don't you know, or you may run into them when you least expect it."

"Well, if we should do that, I'll tell the professor

that I felt better after he left and that you insisted on it that an outing would do me good. He can't scold you."

"Of course not—it would be very rude in him to think of it," answered J. Langnack Green earnestly.

All the boys but Hockley were soon ready to accompany Professor Strong, and through the hotel clerk a large carriage with a fine team of horses was brought around for their use.

"The city of Rio is really divided into two parts," said the professor as they drove off. "The old city is what you see built up around the water's edge, with its narrow streets and its stuffy little buildings. To the westward is the new part of the town, separated from the old by a park, or common, called the Campo de Santa Anna, where are located the city hall, the senate chamber, the national museum, the foreign office, the garrison, and other public buildings, as well as an opera house at which many of the leading stars of Europe and the United States have sung or acted."

"You wouldn't think it would pay them to come so far," was Mark's comment.

"At a first-class attraction the seats are very high

here, five and even ten dollars being charged for an orchestra chair. When the rich Brazilian wants entertainment he wants it of the best.

"For a long time the principal business street of Rio was the Rua do Ouvidor, which, as you will see, is little better than an alley for width, although the stores are handsome enough. Now, however, the Rua Direita is the main business street, and that is as fine as upper Broadway, in New York, or State Street, in Chicago."

"I see the city is well supplied with water," came from Frank, as he pointed to one of numerous fountains that they were passing at the public squares.

"Yes, the city has a first-class water system, the water being brought down by a fine stone aqueduct from Mount Corcovado, about three miles away."

They had passed into the Rua do Ouvidor, and now stopped at one of the numerous establishments to make a few small purchases. They found the store literally piled high with merchandise and the clerks extremely attentive and obliging. One was Brazilian and the other French, but both could speak fairly good English, so there was no trouble

on that score. Prices, however, they found rather high.

"There are a good many Frenchmen and Germans in business here," said the professor. "They find it pays well, especially when they are in close touch with the European markets. As you will see, all the fashions are set by the Europeans."

"Well, they set a good many of our fashions, too," answered Sam, with a laugh. "Don't our ladies buy dresses and bonnets made in Paris?"

"And J. Langnack's clothing must have a real English cut, don't you know," put in Darry, and this made the other boys laugh.

While in the narrow but busy street they made several purchases of souvenirs to send home to the folks, and Mark purchased some material for his photographing outfit. The professor also obtained a cap, to replace one he had lost overboard while on the journey down the coast.

After this they turned toward the park, and here visited the various public buildings already mentioned. The senate was not in session, but they were permitted to look at the senate chamber, rather a gloomy apartment, decorated with a few flags and some dimly lighted pictures and portraits.

"I suppose this is a lively enough spot when the senate is in full debate," observed Darry. "But just now let us move on to something brighter."

Not far away was the National Library, containing over a hundred thousand volumes, all of more or less importance. But here only the attendants and one or two old bookworms were present, and the effect was as depressing as it had been at the senate chamber.

But now a rattle of drums greeted their ears, and, moving toward the garrison, they saw that a body of soldiers were getting ready for a parade. Soon the companies of soldiers came marching forth, with colors flying, and then an excellent band struck up one of the popular Brazilian airs.

"This is something like!" cried Frank. "Let us see the parade by all means. Wonder why they are having it?"

"It's a special soldiers' holiday," answered the professor, after consulting a man standing near. "They are to have a parade and then some shooting and other contests in a park just outside of the city. They have this sort of thing once a year, so he says."

The people were gathering fast, and as the soldiers

formed in the park, after marching around several of the sides of the square, a shout of applause went up. Then there was an exhibition drill, viewed by a number of the municipal dignitaries, and an hour later the soldiers marched off, followed by part of the crowd that wanted to see the contests in the afternoon and wished to attend the soldiers' dance in the evening.

It had been arranged that the professor and the others should not go back to the hotel at noon, so they procured lunch at one of the numerous restaurants to be found in all quarters of Rio—a tidy little place kept by a Frenchman and his Brazilian wife. The cooking was in the French style, which suited them much better than did the native way of serving food, for the young explorers had not yet gotten used to onions, garlic, and oil—things that go into so many dishes of the South and Central American housewife and chef.

They took their time in eating, and after the boys had finished the professor remained behind to smoke a cigar with the restaurant-keeper, and ask the man about the changes that had been made in Rio during the past few years.

"The improvements have been many," said the

Frenchman. "We have better pavements, better railroad service, better lighting, and better sewerage —everything just as good as in most of the cities in France. The changes since we have become a republic are wonderful—and they are continuing every day. Before long, so I heard it said, Brazil will rival the United States."

"I am afraid that time is still a long way off," answered Professor Strong with a smile. "Yet I am glad to hear that everything is going along so well;" and then he rejoined those under him.

Darry was anxious for a drive into the suburbs, and, the others being willing, the heads of the horses were turned in the direction of the hills back of the town. Here they passed down many a long avenue of palms and by gardens rich with tropical plants and flowers. Most of the houses in the city had been small affairs of two stories, built of granite, but out here the mansions were truly grand, and they often paused to look them over.

"This is something of a fashionable neighborhood," observed Mark. "I imagine it would please J. Langnack Green."

The carriage now made a turn, and at a distance they heard a band playing, and soon came in sight of

the park to which the soldiers had marched just before noon.

"Let's take a look at them again," said Frank, and they turned in at a gate to do so, never dreaming of the surprise in store for them.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FLAG AND THE MOB

Less than half an hour after Professor Strong and his party left the hotel Hockley and J. Langnack Green did the same.

Both were dressed in the height of fashion, with outfits that would have attracted attention in the most ultra society. The dude's suit was of a light cream color, and the tall youth wore broad stripes that made him seem taller and slimmer than ever.

"If I go out with Langnack I've got to look as well dressed," was the way Hockley reasoned. "If I don't he won't like it. And he is certainly a good fellow, no matter if the others do laugh at him."

J. Langnack Green had already hired a spanking team of blacks with a light and stylish road turnout, and into this they hopped and the dude took the reins.

"You drive while I keep a lookout for the professor and the others," said Hockley, and this was done.

They were soon passing through the fashionable part of the city, where a number stopped to gaze after them as they sped along. Once they were cautioned to drive slower, but to this the dude paid no attention.

"These ignorant people evidently do not know how I can drive," he observed. "But I'll show them a thing or two before we get back, don't you know."

The morning passed swiftly enough, and at noon they stopped for lunch at a roadhouse that looked very inviting. Here they met a couple of Brazilian soldiers who could speak English, and from them learned of the parade and of the contests to come off that afternoon.

"There will be some very nice people there," said one of the soldiers. "The daughter of one of our leading judges is going to present some medals."

"Then there will be some young ladies there?" queried J. Langnack Green eagerly.

"Oh, yes."

"Hockley, we must go by all means. Think of what a truly delightful time we can have after we have been introduced."

"How are you going to be introduced?"

"Oh, we'll manage that, my dear boy. The young ladies are always glad enough to be introduced to me, don't you know."

"Go to the master of ceremonies," said one of the Brazilian soldiers. "If he thinks you are a proper person he will introduce you to the folks you want to know."

"He can't help but think we are proper persons," answered Langnack confidently.

Yet they did not leave the roadhouse until an hour later, for the two soldiers had insisted upon treating, and both the dude and Hockley felt bound to treat in return. As a consequence the latter had each four glasses of liquor before they left, something that neither of them could stand and which made both feel somewhat lightheaded.

"Now for some—ah—fun!" cried Langnack, as they drove off.

"Right you are, Langnack, my dear friend!" answered Hockley, and gave the team a cut with the whip that caused them to jump as never before. "I tell you, this is life."

"Don't cut the horses so, my dear boy!"

"Oh, I know what I'm doing. I'm out for sport, and I'm going to have it."

"Wouldn't those other chaps envy you if they could see you?"

"That's what! Let 'em go, Langy," responded Hockley, and cut the team again.

Away they went down the road at breakneck speed, the carriage jouncing from side to side and threatening to throw them out at any instant. Those who were coming in the opposite direction gave them as wide a berth as possible, yet there was more than one narrow escape from a collision.

"Those two fools should be arrested," said one carriage driver. "If they keep on they'll surely kill somebody."

On and on went the turnout until a country road was gained. Then both realized in a dim way that they had made a false turn.

"Where's the park?" asked Hockley, staring around vacantly. "I don't see any soldiers, do you?"

"Park must be somewhere else, my dear boy," responded J. Langnack Green, as he swayed unsteadily on the seat. "Perhaps we had better turn around, don't you know. Too bad to make such a—a beastly mistake."

After considerable effort on the part of both the

carriage was turned back, and they inquired of a passer-by where the park and the soldiers were.

"I cannot understand you," answered the Brazilian.

"Park, soldiers!" cried Hockley. "Don't you understand a word of English?"

"Wait, I'll show him what we mean," interrupted Langnack, and he pointed first to some trees and a garden nearby and then went through the motion of carrying a gun and firing it.

"Yes, yes, the soldiers," said the Brazilian, and pointed out the proper road.

Once more they went on the way, and at last reached the park and drove to where a large number of other vehicles were standing. By this time poor Hockley's head was more bemuddled than ever.

"My head aches as if it would split," he said to his companion. "I—I guess I can't stand the sun."

"We'll have another drink for a bracer," responded the dude. "Come on;" and leaping from the carriage he led the way to a large refreshment stand where a great number of folks were eating and drinking. The stand was gayly decorated with flags and bunting, and not far away a band was playing.

"I don't really think I want anything more to drink," pleaded Hockley. "All I want to do is to rest."

"Oh, come on; one more glass won't hurt you," insisted J. Langnack Green.

Thus urged, the lank youth consented to take a glass of wine and with it some dainty crackers. They sat at the end of a long table, and not far away were several soldiers with some young ladies, evidently their sweethearts. The soldiers wanted the table to themselves and did not relish the intrusion of the Americans.

"As soon as we are rested, let us go around and be introduced," said the dude. "Really pretty girls here, don't you know," and he stared at some of those sitting with the soldiers.

Hockley did not answer, for he was looking at the decorations displayed around the park. "It's quite pretty," he said, and, picking up a small Brazilian flag lying on a railing, he began to toy with it.

"Oh, that flag can't hold a patch to our own, don't you know!" cried Langnack, and snatched the flag from Hockley's hand. The other made a grab for it, and in the struggle the flag was torn in half.

Hardly had this occurred when one of the Bra-

"What do you mean by insulting our flag?" demanded the officer. — *Page 79.*

zilian soldiers leaped up and came toward them. He had seen the dude stare at his sweetheart, and this alone had made him very angry. He called the attention of the other soldiers to the torn flag.

"The Yankee pigs have insulted our flag!" he cried. "They have torn it to pieces!"

At this cry, uttered in a loud voice, fully a dozen soldiers sitting in the stand or lounging near turned toward Hockley and his companion, both of whom were somewhat bewildered by what had occurred.

"Wha—what's the matter?" stammered Hockley, as a lieutenant of the soldiers caught him roughly by the arm.

"What do you mean by insulting our flag?" demanded the officer in Portuguese.

Of course Hockley did not understand, nor did J. Langnack Green, and this made matters worse.

"Arrest them!" shouted somebody in the crowd.

"Throw them out of the park!" added another voice. "Show them that they can't come here to insult our flag!"

The cries continued, and inside of a few minutes the crowd increased to over a hundred people. Then the report was circulated that the two Americans

had grossly insulted the Brazilian flag, had torn it to bits, and trampled it under their feet.

"Such cowards ought to be hung!" came from one old Brazilian patriot.

"The Yankees think they can rule the world," put in another, "but we will teach them a lesson they will not be likely to forget."

"Goodness gracious! What do these people intend to do?" gasped J. Langnack Green, as he gazed in horror at the angry faces about him.

"It's all on account of the flag," groaned Hockley.

"But, my dear boy, I didn't mean to tear it."

"Neither did I, but they think we did, and they are as mad as hops."

"I'll pay for it!" cried the dude, struck with what he thought was a bright idea, and he drew from his pocket a handful of silver coins. He pointed to the remnants of the flag and then to the coins.

"So you think to buy us off?" demanded one of the soldiers, and struck the coins to the ground. "It is an added insult!"

The cries on all sides increased, and people from all parts of the park were hurrying in that direction.

Hockley's heart sank within him, and J. Langnack Green was so scared that his teeth fairly chattered.

"I was a big fool to leave the hotel," thought the lank youth. "Oh, why didn't I stick to the professor and the others?"

"This must be investigated," said the lieutenant severely.

He tried to keep back the crowd, but this was impossible. Somebody reached over and struck the dude's hat from his head, and Hockley received a stinging blow in the ear that almost dazed him.

"Oh! oh! they mean to kill me!" shrieked Langnack. "Keep off! Keep off, you horrid things! Keep off, or I'll call a policeman!"

Further words from him were cut short by the throwing of a small melon, which hit him in the cheek. The melon was soft and the contents spattered all over him and over Hockley. Then came other things, including buns and potatoes, and not a few small stones, and both felt that they were undergoing a perfect bombardment. The dude was scared out of his wits, and Hockley felt as if he would collapse.

"It's all a mistake!" bellowed the lank youth. "We didn't mean to hurt the flag—I give you my

word of honor that we didn't. Let up, won't you? Oh!" And he put his hand to his neck where a sharp stone had landed, making a nasty cut.

"Call the guard!" cried the lieutenant. "Call the guard at once, before they are mobbed. We will place them both under arrest, and then see if we cannot get at the bottom of this disgraceful affair. My word on it, good people," he added, raising his voice; "if they really meant to insult our honored flag they shall pay dearly for their outrageous actions!"

"Let us get at them, and we will settle the score!" cried somebody.

"Yes, yes; let us settle it here and now," said another. "The court is well enough, but it is too slow."

"We will give them all they deserve, never fear," came from the rear of the crowd.

And then those at the back pressed forward harder than ever. The lieutenant and some of the soldiers tried to hold them in check, but this was impossible, and in a twinkling Hockley and J. Langnack Green found themselves caught up by the mob and carried off to they knew not where.

CHAPTER IX

THE PROFESSOR SPEAKS HIS MIND

"THERE seems to be a fight of some sort on," remarked Frank, as he and his chums, with Professor Strong, moved forward into the park.

"Those people are carrying off two men," came from Mark. "They are—— Gracious! Hockley and Green, as sure as you are born!"

"What's that?" came hurriedly from the professor, who was talking to Sam.

"There are Hockley and Green, and they are in trouble."

"Hockley?" The professor looked in the direction and could scarcely believe his eyes. "How can it be that he is here, when he told us he would remain at the hotel?"

No one could answer that question, and Professor Strong did not wait for a reply. He ran forward into the midst of the crowd, and the others followed him.

"Professor Strong!" Hockley had caught sight

of the familiar face, and his heart gave a bound. "Oh, professor, save me!"

"Yes, save us both, that's a good fellow!" bawled J. Langnack Green. His collar and his tie were now gone, and his face was streaked with melon juice and blood.

Pushing all who opposed him out of the way, Professor Strong forced himself to Hockley's side and caught him by the shoulder.

"What does this mean, Jacob?" he demanded.

"I—I—it's not my fault," whined the frightened youth. "It's all over a Brazilian flag. We tore the rag by accident and these people thought we did it to insult 'em. We——"

A yell from the mob drowned the remainder of his words. Then several tried to force the lank youth along, but Professor Strong stood his ground and held Hockley fast, and Mark, Sam, and Frank also came to the rescue. In the midst of the mêlée J. Langnack Green was separated from his companion, and soon the crowd drifted away to vent their vengeance on the dude.

"Save me!" panted Hockley, when he could speak once more. "Oh, professor, don't let them ha—hang me!"

"I will defend you," answered Professor Strong as calmly as he could.

"And we'll stick by you, Jake," added Mark, who saw that the former bully was nearly scared to death.

The lieutenant who had first interfered now came forward on a run, accompanied by a guard, and Hockley was quickly surrounded and made a prisoner. The guard was that of the police, and soon a captain put in an appearance and said Hockley would have to go to the local jail for a hearing later on.

"All right, I'm willing," said the youth nervously. "Only get me away from here. That mob is ready to do 'most anything."

"I am sure there must be some mistake here," said Professor Strong to the police captain. "This young man is under my care and we are traveling around to see the sights. I do not think he would knowingly insult your flag."

"All that can be talked over at the station," was the brief reply, and then Hockley was marched off under a guard of four into the city proper.

"He's in a mess now and no mistake," was Mark's comment. "These folks are very patriotic and very touchy about their flag."

"Well, we are the same way about Old Glory," answered Frank.

"I wonder what became of Longneck," put in Darry.

"The mob carried him off. But perhaps the police got him after all."

"He was a sight to see, and just as much scared as Hockley was."

A crowd of thirty or forty followed Hockley and the professor's party down to the headquarters of the Rio police, all anxious to see how the affair would terminate. As a consequence the officers present had all they could do to preserve order, and a hearing was had with difficulty.

As well as he was able Hockley told his story, which was translated by an interpreter for the court's benefit. Then Professor Strong was allowed to speak, and he told how he and his party were visiting Rio merely for the sake of seeing the sights.

"This young man perhaps did wrong," he said in conclusion, "but I feel certain he meant no insult to your honored flag. He has suffered at the hands of the mob, and this alone will be a lesson to him to be more careful in the future."

Hockley's woebegone appearance justified the pro-

fessor's words and had an effect on the court as well. A brief consultation was held, and at the conclusion the lank youth was fined a sum equal to ten dollars of United States money. This fine Professor Strong promptly paid, and then Hockley was allowed to depart.

"We will go back to the hotel," said the professor, quietly but sternly, and the tone of voice made Hockley's heart sink into his shoes. He felt that he was out of one predicament, but not out of another.

"Very well, sir," he answered meekly.

The distance was not great, and once at the hotel the professor and Hockley repaired at once to the latter's room, and the door was tightly closed. The other boys looked at each other significantly.

"He's going to get 'Hail, Columbia!'" ventured Frank.

"It's rather rough on him, after what he has suffered," came from Mark. "When he was in the courtroom he looked as if he was going to faint, he was that scared."

"Right you are," put in Darry, who looked unusually sober. "Hang it all, fellows, I'm sorry for him!"

"So am I sorry!" came promptly from Frank. "But what are you going to do about it?"

Yes, what were they going to do about it? That was the question. They were in the room assigned to Mark and Frank, and two of the youths sat down in chairs while the others lounged on the bed.

"We might go to the professor——" began Sam, after a long pause.

"Well, what are you going to say to him?" asked Frank. "That we don't want him to be too hard on Jake?"

"I believe Glummy had been drinking."

"I think so too, and it's a pity. Perhaps that dude led him astray. Green hasn't any brains."

"If Longneck led him off I'm going to cut that dude dead the next time I see him!" exclaimed Darry.

While this conversation was in progress Professor Strong had locked the door of Hockley's room and followed the young man to a settee that rested between two of the long windows. On this settee Hockley sat down, the picture of misery.

"Jacob, what have you to say for yourself?" asked the professor, but his voice was not as harsh as it might have been.

"I—I don't know what you mean?" was the faltering reply.

"You told me you felt sick and wanted to remain in your room while we went out."

"I—I felt better after you were gone, and it was so stuffy here——"

"Tell me the exact truth. You planned to go out with Green."

"He wanted me to go out driving with him."

"Where did you go?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular."

"You went to some place where you could get something to drink."

"We stopped at a roadhouse for dinner, and some soldiers insisted on treating us."

"Didn't you and Green treat, too?"

"Green treated first, and I—well, I didn't want to act mean about it."

"That is the trouble with most young men when it comes to drinking. They hate to appear mean, and so they drink more than is good for them."

"Oh, I didn't have so much as that."

"I think you did, and I am very sorry for it. If you had been perfectly clear-headed you would never have gotten into such a mess over that flag. I don't

like to see boys or young men drink at all. This drinking and treating habit, and 'being a good fellow,' has helped to fill many a drunkard's grave."

The professor was talking very earnestly, and Hockley could not help feeling impressed. He shifted his feet uneasily.

"I am talking only for your own good, Jacob," Professor Strong went on. "You have the making of a bright man in you, and if you'll do what is right, some day you'll come out on top. But you'll never amount to anything, no matter how much money your father may give you, if you don't take hold of yourself and change some of your habits."

"I—I guess I had better give up drinking."

"It will be no loss to you if you do. A drinking man is never a good business man,—your father will tell you that,—and he is in a business where he ought to know, for some good-for-nothing lumbermen drink up every dollar they earn. But there is something just as important as liquor that you ought to give up."

Hockley looked up in wonder.

"I—I don't understand?" he said slowly.

"I mean this habit of breaking your word. You told me you were going to remain at the hotel, but

you did not do so. When we were in Venezuela you told me another kind of a story, and went off with that Dan Markel and got into trouble. If you keep on I shall believe that you cannot be relied on at all. And let me tell you that the boy or man who cannot be relied on in this world is of no account—nobody wants anything to do with him."

Hockley's face fell and suddenly he dropped his head in his hands. He was breathing heavily, and evidently there was a hard struggle going on within him.

"Do you think I'm so—so bad as all that?" he asked brokenly.

"I'll be perfectly plain with you, Jacob, for I want to be your friend. You are bad enough, and I want to see you make a fresh start. You have everything in your favor. I want to see you make the most of your opportunities."

"I want to do that myself."

"I am glad to hear it, and you must know that I am willing to aid you in every possible manner. I know you have given up reading those trashy half-dime novels, and I am very glad of it."

"I might do better, sir, but—but——"

"But what?"

"All the other fellows are down on me, and I get terribly lonely at times, and I don't know what to do with myself. They go off by themselves and I haven't anybody. That's why I took up with Green. He was a dude, and a good deal of a fool, but he was sociable and that counted for a good deal. The other fellows think they are better than I am, and——"

"I think you are mistaken, Jacob. They——"

"Oh, I know them. They pretend to be friendly sometimes, but behind it all——" He ended with a knowing shake of his head.

"Can you prove in any way that they are not willing to be friends?"

"Oh, it's plain enough. I'll wager they are laughing at me this minute, and they're hoping you'll give it to me good and hot," and Hockley laughed nervously.

At that instant came a mild tap at the door. The professor opened it, to find himself confronted by Frank and the others.

"Excuse us, professor," said Frank awkwardly; "but we made up our minds to call, and see if we couldn't—er—couldn't do something for Jake. We —er—we don't want you to be too hard on him."

CHAPTER X

A FRESH START ALL AROUND

FRANK'S speech was an awkward one, but its very awkwardness made it appear the more genuine, and it must be admitted that both the professor and Hockley were astonished. Each gazed mutely at the four youths standing in the corridor.

The professor was the first to recover, and a look of genuine satisfaction crossed his face. "Come in, young gentlemen," he said. "Come in, and let us talk it over."

They came in, rather sheepishly it must be admitted, and took such seats as they could find. Hockley continued to gaze at one and another, wondering what was to come next. Darry began to whistle softly to himself, and Sam drummed with his fingers on the end of the bed.

"So you think I am going to be rather hard on Jacob," went on the professor. "And you want me to be easy. Is that it?"

"Yes, that's it," replied Mark. He wanted to

say much more, but could not see his way clear to begin.

"It's this way," burst out Sam, plunging in. "You know we have never pulled a very good stroke with Glum—I mean Jake. Sometimes I guess it was our fault and sometimes it was his. We had a falling-out on board of the ship, and I suppose he thought we didn't want him along with us."

"And so he had to go out with Longneck or nobody," came from Darry, "and that got him into this trouble."

"We talked it over up in our bedroom, and the whole crowd voted to see you about it, and do it right away, before you and Jake—that is, before you started to punish him," said Mark.

"It seemed to us that he had been punished enough," added Sam. "And we want to know if you won't drop the matter and let us all take a fresh start—that is, if Jake is willing."

"You'll be willing, won't you, Jake, if the professor is?" asked Frank.

"I—I suppose so," came faintly from Hockley. He was too dumfounded to say more.

His mind was in a whirl. Here, while he had been telling the professor that the others were all

down on him, they had been planning to do him this good turn. What had come over them? He gazed at them suspiciously, as if half anticipating a trick.

"Oh, we mean it, Jake," came from Sam, as if fathoming his thoughts. "We don't want to see anybody in our crowd get into such a mix-up as fell to your lot. We want you to come with us after this—and then if there is anything wrong we'll all be in it together."

"But we don't want anything wrong, Samuel," said Professor Strong. "We want to pull together and have everything just right."

The tone was cheery, and instantly the boys felt they had won the day. Sam went up and placed his hand on the professor's shoulder.

"I knew you would listen to us—I told the others so, too," he said.

"What do you say to this, Jacob?" questioned the instructor. "If I agree to let the matter drop what will you do?"

"He said he'd be willing to take a fresh start," came quickly from Frank. "Come, Jake, let bygones be bygones," and he held out his hand.

Hockley arose and took the hand; and then he took the hands of the others. It was rather a silent

proceeding. Everybody wanted to say something, but couldn't find just the right words.

"This pleases me very much," came from Professor Strong. "It shows that good sometimes comes out of evil after all. I trust that in the future all of you remain the best of friends. There is no reason why you should be otherwise. If you have a difference be honest and patch it up at once, instead of letting it run and grow worse." He too gave his hand to Hockley. "We will drop the matter entirely from this moment forth. But one thing I would advise you to do in the future, Jacob."

"What is that, sir?"

"Be careful of the company you keep. I think I would not go out with Mr. Green again."

"Oh, that dude——" began Darry, when Frank stopped him.

"I don't think I'll care to go out with him," was the humble answer.

"Then the affair is settled; and the best I think we can all do is to prepare for our evening meal."

"Hurrah! that's the talk!" cried Frank, and off he and Darry rushed, with a lightness of heart they had not felt for many a day.

"Jake can't say that we didn't do the handsome

thing by him," said Sam to Mark, as they followed. "It's a good deal more than he would have done for us."

"Well, I hope we have no more quarrels. Think of what glorious times we could have if everything went just right."

"Jake looked as if the professor had read him a pretty good lecture before we arrived."

"No doubt of that. By the way, I wonder what became of J. Langnack?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but it's likely the crowd mauled him pretty well."

Many at the hotel were curious to see how Hockley had fared, but the professor shielded his pupil by having the evening meal served in a private dining room. Here the affair passed off pleasantly enough, and the boys ended by singing several of their old academy songs, something which served to break the ice more than ever.

"I don't mind telling you that I was a fool to go out with Green," said Hockley, between the songs. "He doesn't know any more about fast driving than I do about running a canal boat. It was only by pure luck that we didn't get smashed up long before we reached that park."

"We are all wondering what became of the dude," returned Frank.

"Perhaps he was arrested too," added Mark.

In this surmise Mark was correct. After being thrown down and ducked by the mob, J. Langnack Green had been captured by the police, and he had to remain in jail until the following morning, when he was released upon payment of a fine of ten dollars. He arrived at the hotel just as the professor and his party were leaving for another day of sight-seeing.

"My gracious, but Longneck looks a wreck!" exclaimed Darry, and he was right. The dude's face was swollen and scratched, his clothing was in tatters, and his hat battered out of shape.

"So you escaped, did you?" he groaned, on catching sight of Hockley.

"No, but I got away yesterday," answered the lank youth.

"They treated me most outrageously! They threw me down and trampled all over me!" whined the dude. "They tore my clothes and some even threw lumps of mud at me and pieces of vegetables, and two big brutes threw me in the park fountain, too! And after that the police arrested me and

made me stay in jail all night, along with two laborers who smelt so of rum and garlic it made me sick. And then the horrid judge fined me a whole lot of money besides! Oh, it's the most dreadful thing I ever heard of in my whole life!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Mark, while a number of others who had gathered began to laugh at the dude's appearance.

"I really can't say yet, don't you know. But I think I'll see the United States consul about it. Such a thing ought to be taken up by the government, don't you know," and then J. Langnack Green hurried to his room to escape the comments of the gathering crowd.

"Will our country take up such a thing as that?" questioned Hockley.

"It is not likely," answered the professor. "His complaint will be heard and pigeonholed, and that will be the end of it. If he is sensible he will let the matter drop."

It had been decided that the day should be spent at Petropolis, across the bay, the home of many rich merchants doing business in Rio and the vicinity.

"The trip takes about three hours," said the pro-

fessor. "But it is well worth it. Were we going to stay here very long I would advise stopping at some hotel there instead of here, where one might catch the fever."

They were soon down at the dock, and presently a trim little ferryboat came along and took on its load of passengers, Brazilians, Germans, Frenchmen, and also a handful of Americans. Then the ferryboat puffed off across the bay to the landing ten miles away.

"The different nationalities are very interesting," said Mark, after he had taken several snap-shots of the boat with a new pocket camera he had purchased, not quite as clumsy an affair as that which was meant for plates instead of films. "But they are all alike in one particular—just as the people in Venezuela and Central America were alike."

"And how is that, Mark?"

"They are all lazy."

Professor Strong laughed. "Hardly lazy, but I know what you mean," he answered. "It is the climate that does it. A man cannot be as active here as he can be where it is colder. If he kept going he would soon wear himself out completely."

"But it is not as hot here as at the equator."

"And people are not as lazy here, as you call it, as they are at the equator. Wait until we get on the Amazon, then you will learn what real laziness means. Some natives up there won't do a thing unless they are actually forced into it."

It was not long before they were across the bay and seated in the somewhat stuffy train bound for Petropolis. There was a level bit of land, several miles in extent, and then the train began to climb the mountains. On all sides the vegetation was thick, and giant palms reared their heads high into the air.

"This is grand," remarked Sam, as he sat by the window, drinking in the beauty of the scene. "I don't wonder the rich folks live out here instead of in the crowded city."

"Petropolis was once the home of Dom Pedro, the emperor," returned Professor Strong. "It has always been a pretty place, but he made many improvements, and these have been kept up. All the foreign legations are at Petropolis, so the place is a diplomatic center. It is the capital of the state of Rio de Janeiro and has about five thousand population."

"How far is it from Rio?" asked Darry.

"About thirty-five miles, but of course the railroad running around the mountains makes it appear further than that. It lies about half a mile above the level of the sea and is considered a remarkably healthy location."

They soon came in sight of the town, nestling prettily among the mountains, the many white and gray buildings standing out boldly in their setting of green. The streets were wide and well kept, and through many of them ran a small mountain stream, spanned by quaint little bridges painted red. Each house was set in a garden of flowers, and the buildings were rarely more than a story or two in height.

"This is certainly grand," said Mark, as they drove from the railroad station to the leading hotel—the English Pensão Honoria, as it is called. "I don't wonder the emperor lived here. I could live here myself."

"I happen to be acquainted with the American consul located here," said the professor. "After we have dined we can call on him, and then take a look around, either on foot or in a carriage."

It was a relief to strike something "like home," as Frank expressed it, and at the hotel, after a wash-

up, they had a dinner as good as any they might have obtained in New York, Boston, or Chicago. To this they did full justice, and then continued their sightseeing without a thought of what was in store for them.

CHAPTER XI

IN WHICH HOCKLEY TURNS HERO

With it all, Petropolis is but a small place, and inside of three hours they had visited nearly all the points of interest in the town, including the American legation, the British legation, and the English school and churches. The palace of the former emperor was also inspected, and for a small amount Sam bought some souvenirs, tiny grass mats on which to set lamps and vases.

At the American consul's house they met a variety of people. It was a busy day, yet they were treated with the utmost courtesy.

"I trust your tour of Brazil proves as interesting as your tours elsewhere," said the consul, on parting with them. "Certainly, it is a country full of marvelous sights—especially along the Amazon."

The people of Petropolis have their favorite drives through the mountains, and the roads are kept in the best of shape. This news pleased Darry, and he begged that they might go out on horseback.

"We haven't been on horseback for a long time," pleaded the light-hearted boy, "and I am fairly aching to go."

"So that you can get into another of your scrapes," suggested the professor with a smile.

"Oh, no, I'll promise to be very careful."

Even Hockley was in favor of such a ride. He was on his good behavior and had resolved to "bury the hatchet" as deeply as possible.

"If we go I'll keep an eye on Darry," he said jokingly.

"If you do you'll have to ride pretty fast," put in Frank. "You know how Darry goes—like the wind."

"I want no racing," came from Professor Strong. "If you are going to race I'll not get the horses at all."

"How can we race if we haven't the horses?" asked Mark, and then everybody laughed, the professor joining in. The mountain air was exhilarating and put everybody in the best of spirits.

They soon found a stable where horses could be procured, and the professor selected the animals with care, and they were quickly saddled.

"Hurrah! this just suits me to a T!" ejaculated

Darry, as he mounted. "I feel more at home in a saddle than I do anywhere else."

"That's because of your life on a ranch," answered Frank. "Now carriage riding suits me about as well as this does."

"But a carriage can't always go where a horse can, Frank! Come on!" And off they started, with the others in a bunch behind them.

"Now be careful!" shouted the professor.

"Oh, we'll be as careful as a duck in a mill-pond!" shouted back Frank gleefully.

Soon Petropolis was left behind, and they cantered swiftly along one of the valley roads and then up and over a long hill, leading to the distant mountains. The air was pure and cool, and filled with the fragrance of the tropical forest. The road was lined with palms, plantains, and other tropical trees, and in certain sections they came across undergrowths of shrubs.

"What are they?" asked Mark, pointing to the bushes.

"Crotons," answered Professor Strong. "From certain varieties they obtain the croton oil of commerce, and also crotonic acid."

Presently the whole party drew up at a spring near

the roadside. Here, the water, trickling from between the rocks, was exceedingly cool, and as clear as crystal. There was also a spot for watering horses and the animals were as glad as their riders to slake their thirst.

"Think of such a beautiful spot as this, and unknown to thousands of folks at home," remarked Frank.

"And think of the spots at home that the Brazilians know nothing about," returned Mark. "It's a great pity that everybody can't travel."

"Even if they could they couldn't see everything," declared Darry. "To visit every point of interest in the United States alone would take a lifetime."

"You are right, Dartworth," said Professor Strong. "The most we can do is to skip from one point to another, and thus get a general impression of the whole."

They had now reached the end of the main road,—at a point where it turned back in the direction of Petropolis. The boys begged to go on still further, and Amos Strong being willing, Darry and Hockley took the lead toward the mountain top half a mile ahead.

"I'm sure we'll get a good view from that point," remarked Darry, as they sped along.

"We've got to be careful here, or one of the horses may break a leg," answered Hockley. "Here is a dangerous gully to cross."

The opening was a deep one and the bridge looked anything but substantial. Yet they passed the point in safety, and then rounded a point of rocks and came out on a fairly good road skirting the base of a cliff fifty to sixty feet in height.

"One can see the bay from this point," said Darry. "See how the water glistens in the sunlight."

"Don't go too near the edge of that hollow," said Hockley nervously. "You might go over."

"Oh, Jake, you don't know anything about my riding," cried Darry. "Why, out in Montana my father and I used to take all sorts of chances on the mountain trails. Many a time I've ridden on a trail that wasn't half as wide as this, and I've done it in the dark, too."

"Is that so?" Hockley shook his head dubiously. "I don't want any of it."

"I couldn't do it when I went riding at first, but it wasn't long before I got used to it."

The cliff left behind, there was a double trail leading directly to the top of the mountain. The two boys passed up that to the right, while the others took the left.

"Hurrah, first up!" cried Darry, and swung his hand in the air. "I can tell you, fellows, this is something worth while."

It certainly was "worth while," as he expressed it. There was a vast panorama spread out before them. On all sides lay the rolling hills and mountains, with many a tiny stream flowing between. The trees and vegetation were thick and the colors gorgeous. Far away they could see some cattle grazing on a plain, and in another direction a locomotive and cars winding their way along in the direction of Rio.

The professor had brought a strong field glass with him and they took turns at looking through this. Thus half an hour went by, when the professor declared that it was time to return to the town.

"If we don't go back now we'll have to remain in Petropolis all night," he said.

"That wouldn't be much of a hardship," answered Mark.

The horses had been tethered near, and now, when they went to remount, they found one of the straps

of Frank's saddle broken. This took some time to mend, so it was growing dark when the start was really begun.

This time Sam was in advance, with Hockley directly behind him. They took the road the tall youth and Darry had previously followed, and thus the pair got down near the cliff ahead of the others. Here it was much darker than up above, and Hockley called to Sam to go slow.

"Oh, I fancy I can make out all right," answered the boy from Boston carelessly. "This horse seems to be a very sure-footed animal."

But Sam had scarcely spoken when the horse slipped and almost went down. The lurch threw the youth back on the saddle and broke one of the leathers, for the outfit was no better than that Frank was using. Then the saddle began to slip to one side.

"Whoa!" cried Sam; "whoa there!" But the horse would not stop and began to turn on the narrowest part of the trail.

"Look out!" yelled Hockley. "Look out! You are running into me!"

"I can't help it!" burst out Sam, and then tried to leap to the ground. But he could not see very

well where he was going, and struck in a hollow on the very edge of the road. Then the horse gave him a shove, and like a flash he disappeared from view.

"Sam, where are you?" cried Hockley, as the riderless horse went on down the trail. "Sam!"

"Hullo!" came back faintly. "Hullo, up there! Somebody help me."

"Where are you?"

"Down here, stuck fast in a lot of bushes."

"Are you hurt?"

"No, but I shall be if somebody doesn't help me soon. There is a regular pit just below me."

"I'll do what I can for you," answered Hockley. "Just hold tight till I can get down."

A new light was shining in his eyes as he dismounted, crawled to the edge of the trail, and looked into the gloom below. Here was a chance to prove his friendship to the others of the crowd. They had stood by him and now he meant to stand by Sam, no matter what the peril.

Sam lay almost on his back, in a thick clump of bushes growing on something of a shelf of the mountain side. Below him were a mass of jagged rocks, at the foot of which gushed a small mountain

torrent. The distance to the bushes was all of ten or a dozen feet, so Sam was out of the other's reach.

Hockley did some rapid thinking. If he only had a rope he might throw one end to Sam. But he had nothing of the sort, nor was there a sapling at hand that might be cut down for his purpose.

"It won't do to wait for the others," he told himself. "That bush may give way at any moment. Here goes!"

He crawled over the edge of the trail and made his way downward, holding with a nervous grip to the cracks between the rocks. He knew he might slip or fall, and the thought made him shudder.

"I'm coming, Sam," he said, in as steady a voice as possible. "Don't move yet."

"The bushes are bending over," cried the youth below. "I'm afraid they won't hold much longer."

As he went down another foot or two Hockley heard hoofbeats in the distance, telling that the others were coming up. He set up a shout, but the others did not hear him, for they were talking and laughing among themselves.

At last the foot of the rescuer touched the bushes upon which Sam was resting. Hockley looked

"I'm coming, Sam . . . Don't move yet." — *Page 112.*

down. Below him the rock was perfectly smooth, so he could descend no further.

"Can you reach my foot, Sam?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then catch hold."

"Can you hold on if I do?"

"I guess so."

Sam turned, and just as the bushes began to break away from the wall he clutched Hockley's left foot and held fast. The other felt the additional strain and it was all he could do to keep his hands from losing their grip.

"Help! help!" he called loudly, as he heard the others passing. "Stop where you are! Stop!"

Sam also cried out, and soon the others came to a halt.

"Where did the cry come from?" questioned Darry.

"From below," answered Mark.

The professor had already dismounted, and looking down he caught sight of Hockley.

"Did you fall, Jacob?" he asked.

"No, I went down after Sam. Can't you haul us both up?"

"Where is Samuel?"

"Here I am," was the answer.

Fortunately the professor had brought a rope with him, not knowing how useful it might be, and this was quickly lowered, so that both boys might grasp it. Then came "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," and both were hauled up to safety, little the worse for their unlooked-for adventure.

CHAPTER XII

A FEAST AND AN INTERRUPTION

"WHY, Sam, how did it happen?" asked Mark, after the safety of both young explorers was assured.

In a few words Sam told his story, to which the others listened with interest.

"I should have gone down still further if it hadn't been for Jake," went on the youth from Boston. "He came to my rescue in the nick of time."

At this all of the others turned to the former bully. They could scarcely credit Sam's words. Had Hockley really turned hero?

"It's a mighty steep climb," said Mark. "Jake, you must have had a hard time of it getting down."

The youth turned red and showed by his whole manner that he felt uncomfortable. This was a new experience for him.

"It was rather hard," he answered. "I thought once or twice I'd go down sure, especially after Sam got hold of my foot."

"Jake, you're a hero!" cried Frank impulsively, and caught the youth's hand.

"That's what he is, fellows," came from Sam. "He saved me from a nasty fall, and I'm not going to forget it," and he gave Jake a look that meant a good deal.

"Jacob, I am very glad that you went to Samuel's assistance," put in the professor. "It was truly a worthy thing to do. You——"

"Oh, let's drop it," interrupted Hockley, growing still redder in the face. "It wasn't so very much. Any of you would have done the same. I wonder where the horses went to?" he continued, changing the subject.

"I don't believe they are far off," said Darry. "I'll go and look." And he galloped away.

The animals were but a short distance down the road and Darry soon brought them back. Sam's saddle was repaired, and once again the whole party started on its way to Petropolis, but this time, by the professor's order, keeping close together.

"It stumps me," whispered Darry to Frank, as they rode along, behind the others. "What possessed Jake to do it?"

"I believe he is really going to turn over a new leaf, Darry."

"But he never liked Beans? He always said Boston was too high-toned for him."

"Well, Sam owes him one now." Frank paused for a moment. "We ought to let him know that we appreciate this. If we don't he'll think it's not worth while making friends after all."

"I've got an idea."

"What is it?"

But before Darry could answer they came to a turn of the road and here the professor joined them. Then Hockley came to the rear, too, and the conversation became general.

The accident had delayed them still further, and by the time Petropolis was reached it was quite dark, and they learned there would be no more trains down to the bay until morning.

This being so Professor Strong engaged rooms for the night at the English Pensáo Honoria. Here a fine supper was had and then the whole party took it easy in the hammocks swung on the piazzas and in

the garden, the latter a spot filled with beautiful flowers.

While the others were resting, Darry called Frank to one side and the pair held a consultation. Then they slipped away, to be gone the best part of half an hour.

The professor had provided the boys with two large connecting rooms on the second story of the hotel, while he occupied a smaller apartment on the opposite side of the hall.

"We may as well turn in early," said Amos Strong, about half-past nine. "Then we'll be in good condition to start out to-morrow."

"All right, I'm willing to retire now," came from Frank, and Darry said the same.

A little later found the boys in the rooms—Frank, Darry, and Mark in one and Sam and Hockley in the other. Darry stood at the door watching to make sure that the professor had also retired.

"The coast is clear, Frank!" he whispered, presently. "Now then, get to work, and be quick about it!"

Sam had been let into the secret, and he was doing his best to keep Jake from undressing. "I want to show you some of my souvenirs," he said.

"All right," yawned his companion. He felt bound to be sociable even if he was a bit sleepy.

Sam brought forth his treasures, and began to show them up one at a time, talking all the while in rather a loud voice, so that his companion might not hear what was going on in the next room. He explained the merits of several views he had purchased, and told the history of some Indian trinkets and how the Brazilian Indians made the articles.

In the midst of the talk came a rap on the door. Hockley looked up in astonishment. Then the door between the two rooms opened and Darry stepped into the opening.

"Ahem!" he began, clearing his throat. "Attention, please!" And when Jake turned to listen he continued: "Mr. Hockley, on behalf of the rest of us, and in honor of your noble conduct this afternoon, I beg you to—er—to join us in this room."

"Oh, what a speech!" burst out Frank. "It's this way," he went on. "We are going to celebrate the—that is—we want everybody to join in—in——"

"Exactly. We want everybody to join in, and

do it with a will," came from Mark, with a laugh. "In plain words, we are going to have a feast, Jake; it's in your honor, and you are to sit at the head of the table. We want everybody to feel perfectly at home, and help himself to whatever he likes. Now, fall in."

Sam caught Jake by the arm and led him into the other room. Here a somewhat small table had been drawn into the center of the apartment, and this was literally loaded with things to eat, including chicken sandwiches, several kinds of cake and pastry, nuts, candies, fruits, and ice-cold lemon soda, and root beer in bottles.

"Here you are," said Sam, as he placed Jake in a big wicker easy-chair. "As the one who was saved this afternoon I claim the honor of waiting on the rest;" and he began to pass around the chicken sandwiches.

Hockley was taken completely by surprise, and his whole manner showed it. He gazed at the table and then at his companions, and took a sandwich mechanically and started to butter it with a piece of cheese taken from a plate near him. Then ne dropped the sandwich and looked at Darry.

"Say, who got this up, anyway?" he questioned.

"We all did, Jake."

"It was Darry's idea," answered Frank. "But as soon as he mentioned it we all took hold. We wanted to celebrate our getting together again."

"It's very nice of you to do that."

"Jake, it's just here," came from Mark. "You know how often we have buried the hatchet before, and then dug it up again. Yesterday we were a little afraid that the same thing might happen once more. But to-day you won us over completely by saving Sam. After this we are going to bank on your being one of us, always and in everything. We don't want any more quarrels or any more hard feelings."

"I'm not going to quarrel any more," put in Sam. "I've learned my lesson, and that's the end of it."

"Well, I don't know whether I can stop quarreling or not!" burst out Jake. "You've cornered me fairly and squarely, and I don't know what to say, because why? Because I can't control myself more than half the time. Now you've got the plain truth of it. I want to do what is right. It wasn't much for me to go and help Sam. Haven't you done lots of things for me? Didn't you save me from that

shark on Lake Nicaragua, and from those alligators in the swamp near Colon? When I think of those times, and then think of the mean things I've done, and the mean things I've thought, it makes me feel like—well, like going and drowning myself." The youth's voice dropped lower. "I don't deserve this —that is all there is to it."

"Yes, you do," said Frank. "We've all made mistakes, ever since the time we had our first fight, up in Venezuela. We were just as hotheaded as you at times. After this every one of us has got to put a curb on his temper."

"And that being settled, fall to, everybody, before the things get stale," burst in Darry, and started to eat. "If you let Frank talk we won't get a mouthful until midnight." And this caused a general laugh.

The ice was now broken, and all began to eat and talk at once. Jake's face wore a look the others had never seen before. It was a sober, earnest expression, and when he did say anything it sounded as if it came directly from his heart.

"This puts me in mind of the times at the academy," said Frank. "Do you remember that winter night when we put the lemonade out in a water

pitcher to get cold, and the ice broke the pitcher all to pieces, so we didn't get a drop?"

"Dear old Lakeview!" murmured Mark. "We had some good times there beyond a doubt."

"And the night Jake brought the goat in from the McCaffery farm," came from Darry. "My, but wasn't that one on old Rodley! He thought the ceiling of his room was coming down sure!"

"Yes, but you never heard all of that story," came from the lank youth, warming up. "When I was taking that goat up the back stairs he turned and butted me in the stomach so that I was sore for a week. That's the reason I didn't play baseball the time we beat the Jackson Academy team." And then another laugh went up, in which Jake joined as heartily as the rest.

The feast was at its height and all the young explorers were having a thoroughly good time when there came a sharp knock on the door.

"I'll wager it's the professor," whispered Darry, in consternation. "What shall we do?"

"Bless me if I know," returned Frank. "Perhaps he won't like this for a cent."

There was an awkward pause, during which the knock was repeated.

"Young gentlemen, will you let me in?" came in Amos Strong's voice.

"Wait, I'll fix it up!" cried Hockley, leaping to his feet. "Darry, put out a clean plate and a glass if you can find them. As the guest of honor I claim the right to invite a friend——"

"Just the thing!" cried Mark. "He has got to join us, that is all there is to it."

The hall door was thrown open by Hockley, and the professor strode into the apartment and gazed around rather sternly.

"I thought all of you had gone to bed——" he began, when Hockley interrupted him.

"Professor, you must join us," said Jake. "The others have done this in my honor. It was a total surprise, but one I—I appreciate. You know we have made up——"

"And we are celebrating in honor of the treaty of peace and good fellowship," added Sam. "Now please do sit down and join us."

"Just for the sake of your own schoolboy days," came from Darry.

Amos Strong began to smile. "Well! well! So this is what you are up to?" he said. "Very well,

I'll join you—on one condition," and there was a twinkle in his eye.

"What is that?" they asked together.

"That you keep the peace."

And all promised.

But would they—could they—keep that promise? Let us wait and see.

CHAPTER XIII

ON THE ROAD FROM SANTOS TO SÃO PAULO

"I'LL tell you, the professor is a dandy," said Frank to Mark on the following morning, when the whole party were on the return to Rio. "I never thought he could be such a thoroughly good fellow."

"He was glad to see we had come together," was the answer. "I rather think he has been a good deal worried over our petty quarrels, and worried over the fact that Jake was inclined to go off on his own hook."

It had been decided to rest for the balance of the week in Rio, with little side trips to the botanical gardens and other points of interest. They also did some additional shopping, and Jake bought a snapshot camera and had Mark give him a few pointers on how to work the machine.

"My father delights in pictures," said the youth from Pennsylvania. "Particularly pictures of sawmills and lumber plants, and after this I am going to take all I can of them."

The boys were much interested in the *bonds* or public turnouts in Rio. They were fairly comfortable affairs, and the lads often took rides from one part of the city to another.

"Years ago there used to be two kinds of *bonds* here," explained Professor Strong. "The kind that we have been using, and another of a poorer sort, marked '*Descalcos*,' in which those who were barefooted could journey."

"You don't see many barefooted folks here now," returned Frank.

"No, the majority of the city people have been educated out of that. And they have also been educated into fitting their children with proper clothing. Years ago the little negroes and poor Portuguese used to wear nothing better than a slip made of a salt bag or a coffee sack."

After several talks with the young explorers, it had been decided by Amos Strong to journey from Rio down the coast to Santos, and then into the interior to São Paulo, Campinas, and other points.

"This will give you a fair knowledge of southern Brazil," said the instructor. "After that, we can visit the cities on the upper coast, and then take the looked-for trip on the Amazon and its tributaries."

The boys wondered what had become of J. Langnack Green, and at length questioned one of the hotel proprietors about him.

"He has gone," said the hotel man, in fairly good English. "As he told you, he went to see the American consul at Petropolis, but the consul would do nothing in the matter, and I imagine the gentleman told him to keep quiet or he might get into more trouble. But Mr. Green was very foolish and talked in the *sala* in front of some soldiers, and they knocked him down. Then he grew frightened and left Rio, and I do not know to where."

"I'm glad he is gone," murmured Jake. "I don't know that I care to meet him again."

"Perhaps his troubles here will hammer some common sense into him," said Sam.

By consulting a local newspaper they learned that a coastwise steamer would sail for Santos on the following Monday afternoon.

"The distance is about two hundred miles," said Amos Strong. "So we shall be in Santos by Tuesday night."

"Is that the place where all the Santos coffee comes from?" asked Frank.

"Yes, Frank; and let me add that Santos is the

greatest coffee-shipping port in South America, outside of Rio."

"Is it a large city?"

"It contains fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is really the seaport for São Paulo, which lies further back among the hills, and which has over two hundred thousand inhabitants. All the rich merchants and coffee-growers of this neighborhood live at São Paulo. It is the capital of the state of that name, and has some very fine public buildings."

The young explorers found the steamer rather small and dirty, quite in contrast to the *American Queen.* Everything on board was of wood or rattan, something that made Professor Strong draw down his mouth in a peculiar way.

"I think we can stand it for twenty or twenty-two hours," he said, "but I shouldn't wish to take a longer trip in this ship."

That night the young explorers found out what he meant. The steamer was alive with fleas and *baratas,* the latter being pests of the cockroach order. Fleas they had met with before, but not quite so thick as now.

"Oh, my!" cried Frank, after lying down for a while. "This is simply dreadful!" And he

began to scratch himself in half a dozen places at once.

"A man who would run a steamer like this ought to be—be decapitated," came from Mark, as he, too, began to scratch himself. "I can't possibly sleep in that bunk."

"I'm going on deck," put in Darry. "The fleas can have that berth if they want it," and he started to dress himself.

In the meantime the professor had gone to the captain to complain. Presently he came back with some sulphur candles.

"We'll burn these in the staterooms for a while," said Amos Strong. "They will help to purify the atmosphere, and they'll most likely drive the worst of the fleas away."

The professor's plan was carried out, and an hour later the boys tried sleeping again. This time they were more successful, but the night's rest was by no means as refreshing as it might have been.

Shortly after the noon hour the next day they came in sight of the island lying in front of Santos, and, rounding this, dropped anchor in the harbor. They saw around them nearly as many ships as in the harbor at Rio. Beyond were docks, many of

them of stone, and here numerous vessels were loading with coffee, the scent of which floated everywhere. The loading was done mostly by negroes, strong fellows, who thought nothing of carrying two bags of coffee weighing over two hundred and fifty pounds on their heads and shoulders, up the broad gangplank to the ship's hatchway, where the sacks were dexterously dumped into the hold.

"That's hard work," said Frank, as he watched the negroes. "I don't believe I could lift one bag, much less two."

"It's a question of getting used to it," returned Darry. "Like the girl on the farm who carried a fat pig up to the garret every night. She started when the porker didn't weigh ten pounds."

They were soon making their way up the main street of the town. In the distance could be seen the upland country and the mountains, where Brazilian coffee flourishes in all of its perfection. Not a great distance away was the railroad station.

"We may as well go on directly to São Paulo," said Amos Strong. "There is little of interest in Santos outside of the shipping, and that you can look at later. Santos is not a healthy place and I do not want any of you to get the fever."

"That's right," came from Jake. "No fever in mine."

"What do folks do here when they feel the fever coming on?" asked Frank.

"They used to do two things," answered the professor with a smile. "Take castor oil and make their wills. But of late years the doctors have been fighting off fatal effects pretty well."

"The journey to São Paulo is rather an unusual one, so I heard at Rio," came from Mark. "A man told me it was up three inclines, where the cars are hauled by cables."

"That is true, Mark, and though the distance is not so very great, not over fifty miles, the journey lasts two hours and a half and sometimes more."

"Reckon they believe in giving you your money's worth," put in Darry.

Soon the train was ready to start, and having procured tickets at the stuffy little office, they entered one of the cars, which was filled with Brazilians and foreigners of half a dozen nationalities. Then, with a loud whistle, the train started off and the journey for São Paulo was begun. The first of the inclines proved very interesting to the young explorers, and they gazed long and earnestly out of the windows

as the car was hauled up the mountain-side through a dense tropical forest. The cars came up one at a time and the progress appeared unusually slow.

"I think I could beat this by walking," remarked Frank.

"This is the land of *amanha* or *mañana,*" came from the professor. "Do you know what that means?"

"It means to-morrow," answered Sam, who was struggling earnestly to master the language of the country.

"That is the literal translation, but it really means some time."

"I guess it means any old time," was Darry's comment, and this raised a laugh.

"You will learn sooner or later that the Brazilians do not believe in hurrying themselves," went on Amos Strong. "You see how these merchants take it easy, spending five hours in getting to the city and back, with probably not over four or five hours of work in between."

"They ought to hustle in New York for a while," said Frank.

"Or in Chicago," added Darry. "It would open

their eyes to see how business men race around all day long, and how many of them plan for more business during the evening hours."

When the first mountain level was gained they caught sight of a large coffee plantation in the distance, with its thousands of trees, all set in straight rows and cultivated with the greatest care.

"This looks like some of the coffee plantations in Venezuela," said Mark. "Do they run the places here as they do in that country?"

"The process is about the same, Mark, although each country does things a little differently from the others, just as we do things differently from what they are done in England. Here a large part of the coffee is shipped in almost a natural state."

By the time the top of the second incline was gained it was growing dark, and presently the lamps in the car had to be lighted, and then the boys could see but little of what was outside. This being so, they turned their attention to their fellow travelers, and soon Mark was talking to a German-Brazilian, a gentleman who could speak English fairly well.

"It vos nice to trafel aroundt a leetle," said the gentleman. "I vos do dot dree or four dimes ven I vos young. I go by der United States, und by

Cuba, und den I go also to France und England. Put I like him best by Brazil."

"Were you born here?" asked Mark.

"No, I vos born by Chermany, but mine parents da come here ven I vos so leetle;" he put out his hand.

"I suppose you are in the coffee business."

"Not dat oxactly; I vos puy und sell coffee sacks —dousands und dousands of dem. Of you come by São Paulo I show you mine factory for sacks," and then the German-Brazilian handed over his card.

"Thank you, perhaps I'll call, Mr. Mueller," said Mark, and started to get out one of his own cards.

Just as he was making the move there came a sudden jar and jerk that nearly threw him headlong to the floor. Then came a shrill whistle and another jar that caused all in the car to leap to their feet.

"Something is wrong!" cried Frank. He peered out of the window. "We are running backward down the mountain-side like mad!" he added.

CHAPTER XIV

A BRAZILIAN AND HIS BLOODHOUNDS

By this time the whole car was in commotion. Many passengers were crying out at the top of their lungs, while others tried to leap from the windows.

"Don't jump!" called Amos Strong to Jake, as he caught the frightened youth by the arm. "It may not be so bad after all."

For the speed down the mountain-side appeared to slacken. Then came another jar and all felt the car leave the tracks. It plowed its way among some dense undergrowth and then came to a standstill.

"Now we are in for it," remarked Sam, when he could catch his breath.

"Let us be thankful that it is no worse," returned Mark.

The passengers were leaving the car in all sorts of ways, and the young explorers and their tutor were not long in following. All leaped into the underbrush and made their way as best they could

to a clear bit of mountain-side a short distance away.

It was too dark to ascertain the cause of the mishap at once, but later on, when lanterns were brought, it was learned that one of the car trucks was broken and this had twisted and broken the cable. A brake at the end of the car had kept it from going clear down to the bottom of the mountain and the broken wheel had caused the affair to leave the tracks as already described.

"Well, that came pretty close to being an exciting adventure," observed Frank, as they stood around with the other passengers. "Here we are stranded in the wilderness with night coming on. What's to be done?"

"If the car was completely off the tracks they might bring along another car," answered Professor Strong. "But as it is they'll have to haul this car out of the way first."

The train officials were consulted, but could give no information further than that the news of the accident would be telegraphed to Santos and to São Paulo. What time the wreck would be cleared away there was no telling.

"They do things very slowly here," said one gen-

tleman to Amos Strong. "More than likely they will not attempt the job until daylight."

"Are we to stay here until that time?" came from Darry.

"We might return to Santos, if we can't go ahead," put in Frank.

"There is no train back to Santos to-night," answered the gentleman.

"Is there any place in this vicinity that we can go to for the night?" questioned Amos Strong.

"There is a plantation about half a mile from here. You might try your luck there," was the answer.

The gentleman introduced himself. His name was Lawrence Baggett, and he was connected with the English legation at Santos. He was very friendly, and said he would accompany them to the plantation he had mentioned if they wished it.

"I do not know much about the place, excepting that it is owned by a Brazilian named Estacio Loma. He is said to be rather an eccentric individual, but he ought not to object to giving us accommodations for the night, especially under the present circumstances."

"And when we are willing to pay," added Jake.

Fortunately the boys had with them only their small hand satchels, so they were not overburdened for the walk. Mr. Baggett led the way, with the professor close behind him, and the young explorers bringing up the rear. It was a rough, uncertain route, through tall thickets, and under immense trees, where little or nothing could be seen.

"You are quite certain of the path?" asked Amos Strong, after he felt a good half-mile had been covered.

"I thought I was," answered Lawrence Baggett. "But these mountain trails are very deceptive. But at the most we cannot be very far out of the way."

Soon after this they came to a rude fence, beyond which were long rows of coffee trees or bushes. The English gentleman said this marked the lower end of the Loma plantation, and that in a few minutes more they would be in sight of the house.

"I hear a dog barking," said Frank presently.

"I hear two of them," came from Darry. "And they are coming this way."

"I hope they are not savage," put in Sam, and he came to a halt.

"By the sound they must be bloodhounds," said

Amos Strong. He turned to Lawrence Baggett. "What do you think of this?"

"I believe they *are* bloodhounds," was the quick answer. "I remember now that somebody told me Loma had purchased them a few months ago—after some robbers tried to break into his house."

"They are coming this way!" ejaculated Sam. "What shall we do?"

"We'll be chewed up!" came faintly from Jake, and he began to shiver.

They looked ahead, but as yet could see nothing of the dogs. But the barking, or rather baying, came closer, and they knew that in another moment the beasts would be at hand.

"Come—this way!" cried the professor, and pointed to a small building on their left. It was a one-story tool-house, without windows. They ran over, only to find the door locked.

"Let's climb on the roof!" said Darry, and made a leap up. He caught the edge with his hands and drew himself up with all speed, and one after the other his companions did the same. Mark was the last up, and by that time the two bloodhounds were directly below him and leaping up for his feet.

The top of the tool-house was not over eight feet

square, so the seven standing there had no great amount of room to spare. Moreover, the roof pitched slightly to the rear, so that they were in constant danger of slipping off.

"This is real pleasant," observed Darry, after a pause, during which the baffled bloodhounds continued to bay at them and leap up, snapping their teeth. "It's about as nice as being treed by a bear."

"I'm wondering if it would be possible for one of those dogs to get up here," said Frank. "The jump isn't such a big one, you know."

"If they jump up, kick 'em for all you are worth," came from Mark.

Amos Strong always carried a pistol, and he had already drawn the weapon. Lawrence Baggett was likewise armed.

"I must confess, I didn't think to get you into any such mess as this," said the Englishman.

"You are as deep into it as we are," returned the professor grimly. "How far are we from the house?"

"Not a very great distance, I should judge."

"The baying of the hounds ought to attract attention."

"Let us hope so."

A few minutes passed slowly. The bloodhounds continued to leap up, then sat down on their haunches, to sniff the air and glare at those on the roof.

"Of course we might shoot the dogs," said the professor, in reply to a question from Frank. "But we had better not do that unless it becomes absolutely necessary. They are valuable animals, and the owner of this estate would probably not want to lose them."

"I reckon we are booked for the rest of the night," came from Sam. "Only I don't see how I'm to sleep standing up."

"The dogs will sing you a lullaby," answered Darry, and this caused a short laugh.

Jake threw down a stone he found on the roof, and this set the bloodhounds to leaping and baying once more. Once one of them got his paws on the edge of the roof, but Frank kicked them off without delay.

"Here comes somebody with a lantern!" cried Mark in the midst of the noise.

They could see the light flickering among the coffee trees, and presently two men came into view,

one holding a pistol and the other an ancient Spanish musket.

"Hullo there!" sang out Mark. "This way, please!"

"Ha! I see the villains!" exclaimed one of the men in Portuguese. "Our faithful dogs have driven them to yonder roof."

"Shall I shoot?" questioned the second man, he with the ancient musket.

"It might be as well. They must be the same who tried to rob me before, the wretches!"

"Sir, will you kindly call off your dogs?" called out Amos Strong, in the native tongue.

"And why should I call them off?" demanded the man with the lantern. "Dogs are meant for such would-be robbers as you."

"We are not robbers, señor."

"Are you Señor Loma?" asked Lawrence Baggett.

"I am, as you well know," said he of the musket.

"Then kindly call off your dogs, as my companion has requested," went on the Englishman. "We are not robbers, but travelers who are seeking accommodations for the night."

"Ha! a likely story. If you are travelers how did you get to this corner of my plantation, seeing that there is no road in this vicinity?"

"We came over from the railroad. There has been a breakdown, and we did not wish to remain over by the tracks all night."

The plantation owner was incredulous, but listened to their story in detail. Then the Englishman introduced himself and the others, and at last Estacio Loma spoke to his companion and had the man call off the bloodhounds and tie them up.

"I have to be exceedingly careful here," he explained. "Only a few weeks ago two good-for-nothing wretches came here begging, and I gave them something to eat. That very night they broke into my barn and rode off with two of my best horses and saddles!"

"You didn't have the bloodhounds then, did you?" asked the professor.

"No; I purchased those animals immediately afterward."

When the plantation owner learned that Lawrence Baggett was connected with the British legation he became more friendly, and told the whole party he would give them as good accommodations as his

rather small home afforded. He was a little man, with a peculiar manner and a jerky voice, and they soon learned that he was a bachelor and did not like women or children.

"They are always making trouble for the men folks," he said to Lawrence Baggett. "I shall advise you to remain single."

"Thank you, but I am already married, and have a very nice wife," was the answer. "But my friend the professor is a bachelor like yourself."

"A sensible man," was Estacio Loma's answer.

The plantation home was indeed small, and all of the party had to crowd into two rooms. Before they retired Estacio Loma offered them some light refreshment, which, after the tramp through the thickets, and the adventure on the roof, proved very acceptable.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Mark, before going to bed. "A fellow doesn't know what is going to happen next in this life. Who thought we'd be stopping here?"

"Or that we'd fall in with bloodhounds?" put in Frank.

"We can be thankful we got out of the scrape as we did," came from Sam. "If those dogs had

caught us among the coffee trees there would have been fun, I can tell you."

"Thanks, but it's not the sort of fun I'm looking for," returned Darry dryly. "I don't want any bloodhound to sample me—no, indeed!"

CHAPTER XV

ON A BRAZILIAN CATTLE RANCH

As if to atone for his apparent want of civility the night before, Estacio Loma volunteered the next morning to send a man over to the railroad tracks to see when the next train would pass through on the way to São Paulo.

"You must have breakfast with me," he said; and they accepted, and partook freely of his excellent coffee, rolls, chops, and potatoes. He would accept no pay for what he had done, and told them if they came in that neighborhood in the future to call again.

"Not such a bad chap after all," was Frank's comment, after they had left. "You've got to get used to him, that's all."

"I have been told that years ago he had a very unfortunate love affair," said Lawrence Baggett. "He was engaged to a lady of Rio, but at the last moment the lady sailed for Lisbon with her uncle

and married an attaché of the royal court. That is why he is so bitter against women."

Two hours later found the whole party on a train bound for São Paulo. They learned that many of the passengers in the wrecked car had spent the night in the seats, making themselves as comfortable as the state of affairs permitted.

"It's strange we didn't think of that," said Darry.

"I did think of it, but thought you'd be more comfortable in a bed," answered Amos Strong.

When the train rolled into the station at São Paulo the young explorers were much surprised at the din and confusion around them. The place was alive with people, and carriages and drays were on every hand. Emerging on the street they saw many blocks of stores, big and little, and business appeared to be brisk.

"This is a lively town," remarked Sam, as they moved toward the hotel, "and a good many of the people appear of the better class."

"There are some first-class institutions of learning here," answered the professor. "That makes the difference."

It had been decided to remain in São Paulo for a week or longer, taking side trips from that city

whenever they felt like it. Their rooms at the leading hotel were not of the best, but this could not be helped, for everything appeared to be crowded.

At São Paulo they parted with Lawrence Baggett much to their regret.

"He is a fine man," said Sam. "And well educated, too."

"I think there is a man here that I know," said Amos Strong. "He used to be attached to Mackenzie College."

"Mackenzie College?" repeated Mark. "Is that an English institution of learning?"

"Yes. It was founded by John T. Mackenzie, of New York State. He was a deeply religious man, and donated fifty thousand dollars for a college in which the teaching should be based on the Protestant Bible."

"Is that the only college here?"

"Oh, no; there is the Government Normal School, which is really a college, and also several private institutions mainly Catholic. We shall see them all as we drive around."

Later on they visited Mackenzie College, a plain, three-story affair, built of brick, and set up on a ter-

race, surrounded by a substantial wall. It is away from the main portion of the city, where there is plenty of light and air.

They found the place crowded with pupils, and Amos Strong had some difficulty in finding the instructor he wished to see.

"Amos Strong!" cried the man when he caught sight of the party. "Didn't I tell you that you'd be back here some time? I am glad to see you." They shook hands. "And this is the party you are escorting around? They look almost old enough to take care of themselves."

The instructor's name was Louis Denley, and he and the boys were speedily introduced to each other. He was a graduate of Princeton, and had met Professor Strong half a dozen times. He insisted upon showing the party through every part of the college, and an agreeable hour was spent in his company.

"It is astonishing how fast some of these Brazilians learn English," said Louis Denley. "They take to it as naturally as a duck takes to water."

He was sorry he could not go around the city with them, but said his duties made it impossible. But he gave them several letters of introduction, which,

in the end, made them feel quite at home during their stay in the place.

On their tours about the city they found São Paulo like many other Brazilian cities in one respect. The old part of the town contained many crooked and dirty streets, with buildings only one story in height. In the newer portions the streets were broad, well-kept, and well-lighted, and the buildings were also far larger and statelier in appearance.

"São Paulo is in the very heart of the coffee-growing district of Brazil," said the professor. "On the outskirts you will find one of the largest plantations in South America. It covers many hundreds of acres, and is said to contain four million coffee trees."

"Four million!" exclaimed Sam. "That ought to be enough to supply half the world with coffee for a year."

"The annual output amounts to millions upon millions of bushels. Of course the value of the crop is enormous. The expense of raising it is likewise heavy. On the plantation in question over fifteen hundred hands are employed nearly the year around, and the place has a railroad track of its

own so that coffee can be shipped directly on the cars and down the main line to Santos."

"No wonder the place is a busy one," returned Frank, "and no wonder so many of the people look rich. But they are not all Brazilians by any means."

"No; the Germans and French have a firm foothold here, and Americans are coming in on almost every steamer. Years ago São Paulo, which means St. Paul, was only an Indian village called Piratininga, but now the Indians have been forced out and back to the forests and the pampas."

"Are the Indians like those of North America?" questioned Darry.

"No; there is a good deal of difference, as you will see when we get among the tribes on the Amazon. Of course some of the whites and blacks here have Indian blood in them."

Nearly every day there was something new to see. They visited the large coffee plantation and saw the hands at work, cleaning, drying, and sorting the beans. They also visited the new reservoir of the city, and took several drives along the *Avenida,* the fashionable speedway. An hour was spent at the normal school and another hour at the department of law, and a whole day was devoted to the execu-

tive palace, the art gallery, and other public buildings. They also visited Mr. Mueller's "factory" for coffee sacks, and the German invited them to spend an evening at his home.

"That will suit me," said Mark. "I want to see how they live here," and they all went and spent an entertaining couple of hours. The sack merchant showed them many treasures from home, and also things picked up in his wanderings around Brazil, and the good lady of the house displayed her quaint Brazilian pottery and table ware, and showed them her tin trunks, all gayly painted with flowers, in which she kept her best linen and wearing apparel.

"It ist to keep dem from de pugs," said the lady. "Of you no keep dem dings in tin poxes de pugs vill eat dem all up." And later on they found this to be very largely true. Before going to the Amazon everybody provided himself with a big tin box, to be kept in his trunk for the best of his things.

From Louis Denley the professor had received a letter of introduction to a cattle dealer named Obestol, a fat, good-natured Brazilian who did business in a number of towns to the west of São Paulo. Obestol could speak but little English, yet he readily

consented to take all hands to one of his cattle ranches thirty miles in the interior. They rode part of the distance on the train and finished the journey on the backs of broncos which were scarcely larger than Shetland ponies.

"Here is where I feel at home!" cried Darry, when he found himself in the saddle once more. "Somehow I always did like one of these broncos." And away he went with a spirit and a dash that drew forth João Obestol's keen admiration.

"He ride like a bird!" he said enthusiastically. "He has lived wid ze horse, yes."

"You are right," answered Amos Strong. "He once lived on a big ranch in Montana, in the United States."

The ranch to which they were bound proved a large affair. The main buildings were surrounded by a thick chaparral, with a gateway of stone and iron, and the rest of the land was fenced in with barbed wire of American manufacture. The ranch house consisted of a painted stone building one story high and fully a hundred and fifty feet long. Back of this were half a dozen barns and sheds, the majority filled with live stock. Fully a score of rancheros and "cow-punchers" were about, many

of them rather picturesquely dressed, with laced and fringed leggings and steeple-top hats. None of them could speak English, yet they grinned a greeting when the newcomers were introduced. All smoked cigarettes, the universal custom.

A lunch was had, and then the professor and the young explorers were shown around the place. They went on horseback, over ranges covering several miles. Cattle were everywhere, and João Obestol explained how the young cattle were separated from the old, and what part of the stock was sent away "on the hoof," and what part was slaughtered for the hides, tallow, meat, bones, and other things of value.

"In days gone by much of this stuff went to waste," explained the professor, "but now everything is saved, even to the hair on the tail."

"Do they make much milk?" asked Sam.

"No, only enough for the ranch use. Making milk in Brazil pays only close to the big cities, or along the lines of the railroads, or where there are cheese factories, just as in the United States."

Darry was so much pleased over being in the saddle that he begged to ride around the range once again. Frank wished to go with him, and at last

the professor consented, telling them to be cautious.

"Don't get into any of the sinkholes around here," he called after the youths. "If you do you may break a bronco's leg and your own neck."

After Darry and Frank were gone the rest of the party walked down to one of the barns to witness the driving off of nearly a hundred head of cattle. Two cow-punchers were in charge, and though some of the cattle were ugly the men handled them without any trouble, smoking in the meantime as industriously as ever.

"I don't believe they could do a thing if they didn't have their cigarettes," said Sam. "I don't understand it."

"In São Paulo I saw boys of all ages smoking," returned Mark. "That can't be very good for them."

"You may depend upon it that it is not," put in the professor. "But in many hot countries tobacco smoking and the drinking of strong black coffee seem to go together."

Back of one of the barns was an inclosure of heavy logs, in which the ranch owner said he had penned a particularly vicious bull. If they wished

to see the beast they could do so by going up to the loft of the barn and looking down from the upper doorway.

"Let us go by all means," said Mark, and ran up to the loft with Sam and Jake at his heels.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BULL AND THE HAT

The loft of the barn was a dark place, and at the top of the ladder the boys had to pause until their eyes became accustomed to the darkness. Then they made out the cracks around the upper doorway and felt along until they reached it. When they threw the door open a flood of sunshine filled the place.

The inclosure was ten feet below the bottom of the doorway and consisted of a rude wooden stockade with a heavy gate, now shut and locked. The place was not over fifty feet square, and in this was the bull João Obestol had mentioned, a big, black creature, with a broad head and heavy and sharp horns.

"He certainly looks like a powerful animal," observed Sam, as they gazed down on the creature. "If he caught a person on those horns I guess he could pierce him through and through."

"I once saw a prize bull over at a fair on Long

Island," returned Mark. "He looked a good deal like this beast. He got away the day after I was at the fair and came near killing several people before they captured him. He got in the art department at the fair and ruined about a dozen pictures and several patchwork quilts."

"My father owned a black bull once," said Jake. "He was the terror of the neighborhood, but somehow he never bothered me excepting once when I wore a red necktie. My opinion is that bulls wouldn't bother people so much if the people didn't let 'em know how afraid they were."

"Well, I can tell you I don't want anything to do with a bull," put in Sam.

While this talk was going on the bull had looked up several times. He was chewing grass and did not seem to be at all disturbed by their presence. Occasionally he would switch his tail at the ever-present flies, but that was all.

"I'm going to try to wake him up," said Mark, and looked around for some object to throw at the beast. A small block of wood lay on the loft floor, and he picked it up. "I'll wager I can hit him right on the head," he added, and going to the doorway he took aim and let the missile fly.

The others were anxious to see the result of the throw and leaned over Mark's shoulder. As a consequence Jake's hat was knocked off and went sailing down after the bit of wood.

The bull was struck and started forward a step or two. But he kept on eating as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"Oh, Jake, did I knock off your hat?" cried Mark.

"I guess it was my own fault," was the good-natured answer.

"We'll have a job getting that hat again," came from Sam. The object lay just behind the bull, on a little wooden stand where stood a tub of water.

"Wait till I get a rake or something," said Mark. "We can fish it up with that."

"I hardly think a rake will reach, Mark. If you try it you may tumble after the hat."

Jake leaned out of the doorway and looked downward along the barn.

"There is a door below," he announced. "I am going to open that and get the hat."

"But the bull will get after you."

"I don't think so. I think the ranch owner was fooling us. He doesn't look a bit savage."

Down went his massive head, and he charged upon the boy. — *Page 161.*

Both Mark and Sam warned the lank youth to be careful. But Jake would not listen, and ran down to the floor below.

"Do you want any help?" called Mark after him.

"No; you stay upstairs and see if you can attract his attention."

"I'll throw him down some more hay," said Sam. "That will keep him busy."

Finding the door that led to the inclosure, Hockley withdrew the pin of the bolt and opened it a few inches. The black bull paid no attention to the movement, and Jake opened the door still further. The hat was six feet away, and almost on tiptoes the boy made his way forward to snatch it. In the meantime both Sam and Mark tumbled down some hay with which to keep the bull busy.

Jake's hand was just on the hat when something prompted the bull to wheel around. On the instant the beast caught sight of the youth, and his eyes lit up with a glow of rage at being thus surprised. Down went his massive head, and he charged upon the boy with all the fury at his command.

"Take care!" screamed Mark, but the words were drowned out in the crash below. Jake had leaped back into the barn and the bull had hit the

partly open door with a force that cracked one of the heavy planks from end to end. Then the bull slipped into the barn, and Sam and Mark could no longer see him.

"He's after Jake!" gasped the boy from Boston. "He'll pound him into a jelly!"

"Jake! Jake!" called out Mark hoarsely. "Are you safe?"

In the meantime that youth had been behind the door when the attack came. The force of the crash sent him up against the barn wall, between the studdings and the posts. The timbers, fortunately, stood out some eight or ten inches, so by holding the door back against him Jake now found himself in something of a box.

"Help! help!" he yelled, at the top of his lungs. "Somebody capture the bull!"

His cries did not please the beast and soon came another attack on the door that nearly took it from its big iron hinges. Jake was almost scared out of his wits, but he clung to the door, for he felt that life would not be worth a moment's purchase should he allow the barrier to swing the other way.

The bull was now roaming around the lower floor of the barn, evidently looking for still greater free-

dom. He knocked over nearly everything in his way, causing a great racket. But the door to the outer world was closed, so he had to remain where he was.

Coming to the loft opening Mark and Sam peered down. They could easily see the bull, but Jake was, of course, out of sight.

"I don't see him," said Mark. "Perhaps he got out after all."

"Jake, are you down there?" called Sam.

"Yes!" was the shaky answer. "I'm behind the door. Where is the bull?"

"Walking around, looking for more worlds to conquer."

"Can you—you catch him?"

"Catch him?" repeated Sam. "I don't see how we can."

"Wait, here is a long rope," came from Mark. "Perhaps we can catch him with that."

The rope was tested and a noose made at one end. The boys had all seen Darry use a lasso and now Mark prepared to test his own skill in that direction.

The first throw was a failure and so was the second. When the rope was cast a third time it fell directly over the horns of the bull. As they drew

it tight the beast began to throw his head viciously. Then he gave a snort, broke loose, and trotted out into the inclosure from which he had come.

"He's out again!" cried Mark. "Shut the door, Jake! shut the door, quick!"

With caution Hockley peered forth to see if the news was true. Then he slammed the heavy door shut with all possible speed, raised the hasp to the staple, and slipped in the big wooden pin.

"Hurrah! you've got him!" shouted Sam. "That was a stroke of pure luck, wasn't it?"

He and Mark gazed down at the bull from the upper doorway. The beast was eating calmly, as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. They went below, to find Jake sitting on a feed box, his face deathly pale and his breath coming in gasps.

"I—I thought he had me sure," he said. "My! but he is an ugly brute, isn't he?"

"After this we had better leave bulls alone," put in Mark. He peered down on the floor and picked up a soiled and battered object. "But you got your hat after all, Jake," and he held it up.

"Yes, and in first-class condition," returned the other in disgust. "That bull took particular delight in trampling all over it."

"Never mind; as long as he didn't trample over you, you had better call it square," said Sam.

"Where is the professor and that ranchman?"

"I don't know." Sam went to the outer door and took a look around. "I guess they went back to the house. Nobody is in sight."

"Then they couldn't have heard the racket."

"Oh, if they had heard the row they would certainly have come to your aid, Jake."

"Well, as they didn't hear it, I wish you would do me a favor. Don't say anything about this affair. That Obestol may not like it at all that I disturbed the bull. If the beast had gotten out of the barn he might have kicked up high jinks around the ranch."

"You can be certain he would have made matters warm," said Mark. "All right, I won't say a word, if you wish it that way."

Sam likewise promised to be silent, and then, after making sure that the bull could not break down the split door, they made their way to the ranch.

"Did you see the bull?" questioned Professor Strong.

"We did," answered Mark. "And he is a mighty ugly fellow, too."

"They must be careful and not go too close to that creature," said João Obestol. "Only a few months ago he turned upon two of my men and nearly gored them to death."

"Oh, we'll keep away from him," said Sam, with a laugh; and then the subject was changed. But Jake Hockley did not forget his experience for many long months to come.

It had been arranged that the party should remain at the cattle ranch over night. Darry and Frank came back at sundown, flushed and warm over their ride but much pleased.

"It was just like a ride out West," said Darry. "Those broncos are regular birds!"

"A bronco knows when he has a good rider on his back," said João Obestol. "Not one of my men can ride better than you do."

At supper time the ranch hands and cow-punchers came in from all over the place. Their meal consisted for the most part of a thick stew, filled with garlic, dark and heavy-looking bread, and coffee "strong enough to knock you down," as Frank expressed it. Many of the men smoked during the meal and the room was thick with the odor of tobacco and cooking.

"I've got to get out," whispered Sam, after he had stood it as long as he could. "This is enough to make a horse sick." And he departed, and soon the others followed. The Brazilians thought it very odd that the young explorers would not smoke or drink liquor, but they offered no comments that reached our friends' ears.

After the evening meal the ranch owner had two of his best horsemen give an exhibition of trick riding, and then one of the men set up a target and showed what he could do toward making bull's eyes with his pistol. This interested the professor, and getting out his own weapon he soon proved that he was the equal of the Brazilian in marksmanship.

"Good! good!" shouted the ranch owner, and his men clapped their hands when Amos Strong made four bull's eyes out of a possible five.

As it grew darker some of the ranchmen brought out a mandolin and two guitars. They could play very well on these instruments, and as they did so the others sang or danced. Then the boys sang one or two academy songs, which were loudly applauded; and thus the evening proved a pleasant one not readily forgotten.

CHAPTER XVII

A CHURCH HOLIDAY IN BRAZIL

Two days later found the young explorers and their tutor in Campinas, a city sixty-five miles northwest of São Paulo. They had come up on the railroad, a delightful ride through heavy forests and between immense coffee and fruit plantations. They had crossed several high hills and also some mountain streams, none of which, however, were particularly wide or deep.

"This town used to be called San Carlos," said the professor, as they drove around the place. "It is, as you have seen, located on a small stream, called the Piraticaba, a tributary of the Paraná. It has grown wonderfully since I was here last. Then the population was less than forty thousand. Now it must be a good deal more than that."

"I suppose coffee is the main staple here as elsewhere," came from Mark.

"Coffee and sugar. Back of the town are located

some of the finest sugar estates in Brazil. The sugar is grown and treated very much as in the West Indies."

There was not a great deal to see that was different from what they had already seen in other places. Many of the buildings looked very old and some were in a state of collapse. But elsewhere new buildings had been put up by the score, and here the streets were well paved and fairly clean. They noticed that many of the poorer dwellings were made of nothing more substantial than mud.

"I should think they would wash to pieces when a heavy rain comes," remarked Darry.

"There is a big church here built of nothing more substantial," answered the professor, "and you can see it now." The church had walls from four to six feet in thickness all built of nothing but mud, and the rafters of the roof were covered with the same material.

"This mud had become thoroughly baked, so that the walls are really as hard as if built of brick," said Amos Strong.

"But it's a great novelty," said Mark, and proceeded to take a picture of the building, while Jake did the same.

At Campinas they visited a " sugar cake " factory, where sugar was manufactured in a hundred different fancy forms. The work was done mostly by girls and boys, who sang and smoked cigarettes as they worked. The sugar cakes were sold all over Brazil, to be eaten by the youngsters who considered it unfashionable to suck sugar-cane.

" When I was here before all children loved to suck on a bit of cane," observed Amos Strong. " But now they are getting above it."

" Just like children at home," answered Mark. " I've heard my father speak of the taffy and sour-ball days. Now he says children want chocolates and fancy bon-bons." And this caused a general smile.

On the day following they visited one of the largest of the sugar plantations and watched the process of sugar-making, as already described in a previous volume of this series. Then they visited another coffee plantation, where an experiment was being tried. The owner had planted Java beans in a soil especially prepared for that purpose and the results looked very promising.

" As large as the coffee and sugar industries are here, they have by no means reached their full

growth," said the professor, on the return. "The opportunities for capitalists here are almost unlimited."

It was decided to go from Campinas direct to Santos, and they started on the early train the next morning, reaching the seaport about noon. They did not stop in town as before, but took themselves to the island in the bay, a beautiful spot, having several fine beaches for bathing and a number of first-class hotels.

"Years ago the principal hotel here was put up by a company that ran a casino for gambling," said Amos Strong. "But when Brazil became a settled republic the gambling was prohibited by the authorities, and to-day you will see very little of it. The sea bathing is considered very beneficial and many sick folks come here on that account."

"Sea bathing suits me," cried Frank. "Don't you remember the sport we had at Macuto, in Venezuela?"

"Yes, and the sport we had afterward trying to catch that rascal Markel?" added Sam.

They were soon located at a comfortable hotel. Close at hand was a beautiful park, running down to the water front, and containing many trees and a

large variety of flowering bushes. Not far off was the bathing beach.

"Let us go in the first thing to-morrow morning," said Darry, and this was agreed to, and sunrise found them bathing, in company with the professor, who enjoyed it as much as anybody. They found the water fairly warm. The beach was perfect, with no sharp stones to cut their feet, and the ocean rolled up in long swells that made them shriek with delight.

"This is a regular Coney Island and Atlantic City rolled into one!" exclaimed Frank.

"You mean a regular Nantasket Beach," came from Sam. "I've been down there lots of times and the water is just about the same."

"Yes, when you come to think it over seriously you can't help but acknowledge that it is just about as wet," remarked Darry earnestly. And then the others all went for him and ducked him under in short order.

They had several races and did a number of "stunts," which amused not only themselves but also some other bathers. Then, at the end of half an hour, they raced up to the bath houses, to dress for breakfast.

"To-morrow is a church holiday," said Amos Strong, later on. "A gentleman just told me that it will be celebrated in Santos by a parade, and a display of fireworks at night."

"Oh, let's go over and see them!" cried Frank.

"They tell me that the Brazilians have a good many church holidays," remarked Frank.

"Yes, Frank, and so do many other countries that are very largely Roman Catholic. Nearly every saint has his day, and fireworks are burnt in his honor. Some of the festivals, so called, last for several days, and St. John's Day, which comes in June, takes up ten days of the people's time. There are parades, church services, fairs, and fireworks, and the poor people generally spend every cent they have saved since the last holiday."

"There is one thing I can't understand down here," said Darry. "That is, what they call the days of the week. I heard one fellow speak of Monday as Market Day. What did he mean by that?"

"The system is very simple, Dartworth. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, are Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Market Days. Saturday is *Sabbado,* or the Sabbath, and Sunday is *Domingo,* or the Lord's Day."

"And where does the First Market Day come in?" asked Frank.

"That is not used, for Sunday is the first day of the week."

The young explorers were much interested in the people to be met with at the hotel and along the beach. All sorts of nationalities were represented there, and the variety of costumes was perfectly bewildering. The British consul's residence was on the island, and before they left they met Lawrence Baggett again, and he introduced them to the American consul, a genial person they were happy to meet.

The parade in Santos was announced for two o'clock in the afternoon, and at the time appointed the young explorers and the professor made their way to the main street of the town, where they procured seats in a window of a hotel. The sidewalks were lined with spectators, and soon the procession began to move. At this everybody uncovered, and remained bareheaded until the last of the spectacle had passed by.

At the head of the procession were several horsemen, to clear the way. Then followed a band of children with flowers, and half a dozen trumpeters,

blowing as loudly as they could. Some dignitaries of the church came next, accompanied by men and boys carrying candlesticks and lighted tapers. Next came a float, with a statue of one of the saints, bedecked with flowers, and another float followed, loaded with fruits and breadstuffs. Behind the floats marched fully two hundred men and women, some decorated with paper flowers and ribbons. Many were singing and occasionally those on the sidewalk would take up the refrain.

"Well, that is certainly very odd," said Frank, after it was over. "I presume to some of these people it means a great deal."

"Religious ceremonies in all countries mean a great deal to those who believe in them, Frank," answered the professor gravely.

Shortly after the procession had gone by venders began to appear everywhere, each with a big board in front of him, piled high with cakes baked in the forms of saints, crosses, and stars. These were sold at a cheap figure and nearly everybody seemed to buy. The professor purchased some for the boys, who found them made of flour, sugar, and sweet spices.

"See how the shops are decorated," said Frank,

as they walked around the town. "This is like a Fourth of July at home."

"I notice that many of the stores are closed," put in Mark. "Evidently some of these shopkeepers don't believe in doing business on a church holiday."

"You will find many of the schools closed too, Mark," returned the professor.

They passed several hours in looking around, and then, having procured supper, made their way to where the fireworks were to be set off. This was in the center of one of the largest squares and already thousands of people were assembled to see the display. From a wire suspended between two telegraph poles hung a big straw-stuffed figure of an imp with a big tail, and just as they arrived this was set on fire amid a loud hand-clapping and shouting.

"They are burning up Satan, I fancy," said Amos Strong, in answer to a question from Darry. "They do this several times a year, yet he seems to crop up just as lively as he ever did. Getting the better of evil in this world is uphill work."

So far many small squibs or firecrackers had been exploded, and now some big cannon crackers were let off, producing reports to be heard a long distance

away. Then a rocket whizzed skyward, followed by a Roman candle, and the celebration of the evening began with vigor.

To the young explorers, who had not seen such a display since the last Fourth of July spent in the United States, the celebration was of deep interest, and when a particularly pretty piece was set off they clapped as loudly as the rest. One set piece was in imitation of a rainbow, with the colors beautifully blended.

"I never saw anything better than that," observed Mark. "Oh, if only a fellow could take a picture in the dark and in colors!"

"You might take a flash-light, but that wouldn't give you anything but black and white," answered Darry.

As the celebration continued, the crowd grew thicker and thicker, until the professor and the lads found themselves forced to the front, close to where stood a large pole with a seat around it.

"I'm going to stand on the seat!" cried Mark, and started to climb up, followed by Frank. As they did this a bouquet of six rockets was set off not a hundred feet away.

The rockets were all of good size and five of them

went sailing skyward without difficulty. But the sixth appeared to catch on something and then fell over on its side. Suddenly it went hissing forward, leaving a trail of sparks behind. The direction taken made it hit the pole, directly over Mark's head, and then burning fiercely it fell in the very midst of the party below.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE WAY TO BAHIA

"TAKE care, boys!"

It was a cry from Professor Strong, and came just as the blazing rocket hit the pole with the swiftness of an arrow shot from a bow.

The sparks fell not alone on the young explorers but also on those standing near them, and on the instant a panic seized the crowd.

"Let me get away! There will be an explosion!" cried one man in Portuguese, and this cry was taken up on all sides.

Mark and Frank received the full discharge of sparks from the rocket and on the instant had their hands and part of their necks severely blistered. Then the rocket fell down, between the other youths and Amos Strong.

"Let me get out of here!" yelled Jake. "That thing——"

His voice was drowned out in the hissing of the

firework which was now almost ready to explode, for the rocket was of the sort known as a shower of rain.

The professor was one of the few who did not lose his presence of mind. As the rocket went down he stooped and caught it by the top. Then, with one swift twirl he sent the blazing thing up almost to the top of a tree near by. Bang! came the explosion, and the leaves of the tree were covered with the golden rain; and then the danger was over.

It was some time before quietness could be restored, and several of those in charge of the celebration came hurrying to the spot to learn if anybody had been seriously hurt. One woman had fainted, and she was carried to where she could get fresh air.

"My neck doesn't feel very good," said Mark. "It's got half a dozen little blisters on it."

"Puts me in mind of the time we suffered from Mont Pelée," came from Frank.

"I move we get out of here," said Jake nervously. "They may fire another rocket right into us."

"Yes, we will go," said Amos Strong. "We have seen the best of the celebration."

They forced their way out of the gathering and as

soon as possible hunted up an apothecary shop, where they obtained a salve to put on the burns. This eased them considerably, and inside of a week all the burns disappeared.

Three days later found the entire party on their way to Rio once more. They secured passage on a first-class coastwise steamer, so the trip was much more comfortable than the one down had been. Arriving in Rio they looked over the newspapers and learned that the *American Queen* was still in the harbor, but would sail for ports to the northward in Brazil three days later.

"That is the way we want to go next," said Professor Strong. "I presume you would just as lief sail with Captain Barton as with any one."

"I'd rather sail with him than with most captains I know," answered Sam. "He is a nice man, and his vessel is just all right," and the others said the same.

"Well, we'll see what the captain has to say about passage," went on Amos Strong.

"By the way, it's queer we didn't hear any more from that Barnabe Costavo," observed Mark. "He was going to do such wonderful things when he got to Brazil."

"Perhaps the captain has seen him," said Darry. "Let us ask him."

They found Captain Barton on the deck of his vessel, giving orders concerning some cargo that was coming on board. He was glad to see them and gave each a handshake that made some of the young explorers wince.

"So you've been down to Santos, and up to São Paulo and Campinas, eh?" he said. "Hope you enjoyed the trip, and got chock-a-block with knowledge," and he laughed loudly.

"We are ready to go up the coast now," said Professor Strong. "We want to stop at half a dozen places—the same that you are bound for—and we thought that perhaps you could carry us as far as Para."

"That I will, professor, and glad to have you along."

"Then you have room for us?"

"Yes, travel is light just now, so you can have all the room you wish."

"That suits us, eh, boys?"

"Exactly," came from Frank.

"We were wondering if you had heard anything more of that Barnabe Costavo," put in Mark.

"Did I?" exclaimed the captain. "Well I should say so. He came here and tried to raise a big row. Had some court officials with him, and all that. But I shut down on him good and hard, and he left without getting any satisfaction. Has he bothered you?"

"No, we haven't seen or heard of him."

"Yesterday the *Princess Alberta* sailed from here for Para, and I understood from one of the mates that this Costavo and some of his companions took passage on her."

"Then we may meet him up there," said Sam.

"I don't want to see him," put in Jake.

For the balance of the stay in Rio they took it easy. Once they hired a small sailboat and sailed around the bay and they also went out in a rowboat during the cool of the evening. They moved to the *American Queen* the night before she sailed, and by noon of the next day found themselves once again on the bosom of the broad ocean.

"Good-by to Rio!" cried Sam, as they were leaving the harbor. "It's a nice city, but I don't think I'd care to spend the rest of my days there."

The first stop of the vessel was to be at Bahia, on what is commonly known as All Saints Bay. As

mentioned before this city is situated on the eastern coast of Brazil, and its distance from Rio is about eight hundred miles.

"We don't seem to be keeping very close to the coast," remarked Frank, after the ship had been under way for several hours.

"The coast current is not to be depended upon," answered Professor Strong. "Most captains prefer to go outside. It is also much safer in case of a storm."

Late that afternoon they had a somewhat unusual experience. The steamer ran into a school of sharks, and the ugly monsters of the deep kept with the ship for fully three hours. There were hundreds of the creatures and it made the boys shudder to look at them.

"Southern waters are full of sharks, as I told you before," said the professor.

"I heard a queer story about sharks in Santos," said Sam. "A Brazilian sailor told me that they won't bite a black man."

"I can't say that I believe that story, Samuel. But I do believe that a shark prefers white meat to black. I have heard of two men falling overboard from a ship, one white and the other black, and the

sharks all made after the white fellow and bit him in two places before he could be rescued."

"Excuse me from falling into the grip of a shark," said Darry.

"And me, too," came from Jake, and he again thought of his narrow escape while in Nicaragua.

To pass the time on shipboard, the professor gave the young explorers several talks on the places they were to visit, and also lent them some books on the subject and asked them to read the volumes.

"The full name of Bahia is São Salvador da Bahia," said Professor Strong. "It is an old city and the second in importance in Brazil. The place was visited by Amerigo Vespucci in 1503, but did not become of any importance until 1549. It was built mostly by the Jesuits, who defended it against the English in 1588. In 1623 the Dutch took it and held it for two years, after which it passed into the hands of the Portuguese. Until 1763 it was the capital of Brazil."

"If it's the second city in importance it must have a good many inhabitants," said Sam.

"Statistics in regard to population are hard to get down here, but Bahia is to-day popularly supposed to have two hundred and fifty thousand in-

habitants. The bay on which it faces is a very fine one, and the town is located at the bottom and top of a steep hill."

"There must be some fun getting from one part to the other," came from Darry.

"The lower portion of the town is connected with the upper by long flights of broad stone steps, and in former years everything had to be carried down and up these steps, and people who wanted to ride had to do so in chairs carried by negro chairmen. But about thirty years ago a powerful hydraulic elevator was put in, so anybody who wants to ride can do so."

"Somebody was telling me about the blacks of Bahia," said Frank. "Are they a superior people?"

"The population of Bahia is about half black and mulatto, and the black people are to a large extent superior to many others of the same race. Many of them are well formed and really handsome, and you will find a large number who are well educated. Their being educated is due to the fact that Bahia is second to no other city in Brazil in ecclesiastical institutions and church schools."

"Is it a coffee port too?" asked Darry.

"To a certain extent, Dartworth, but Bahia also

exports sugar, cotton, rice, tobacco, rum, cocoanuts, gold, and diamonds, as well as dyestuffs, and roots and herbs for medicines."

"Gold, and diamonds!" cried Jake. "I'd like to see them dug from the ground."

"Gold is found along the San Francisco River, and diamonds have been located to the north of the Peraguass River. These districts are far away from the seaport, so we will hardly have a chance to visit them."

"We might make a trip to them," grumbled the lank youth.

"Along the coast, for a distance of two hundred miles inland, the country is very productive and contains many villages and plantations. But back of this stretch there are barren hills and mountains, containing hardly any population. You would find a trip to that territory hardly as interesting as you anticipated."

"Do you suppose the mineral wealth has been thoroughly explored?" questioned Sam, with deep interest.

"By no means. The main reason for this is that the roads are very bad, and it is next to impossible to climb over some of the hills and mountains,

either on horseback or on foot. Then again, food is scarce in certain regions, and in others the water is hardly fit for drinking. All this makes a prospector's work very discouraging."

"But if a fellow could locate a big diamond mine——" began Jake.

"It is not likely, Jacob, according to the views of most scientists. The formation of the soil and rocks is entirely different from that of South Africa, where the big diamonds come from. They have found amethysts in the state of Bahia, and the locality is also rich in iron, copper, and the like."

CHAPTER XIX

NEWS OF AN OLD ENEMY

THE city of Bahia lies on a small peninsula, the eastern shore of which borders on the broad Atlantic, with its mighty swells, and the western shore the peaceful waters of the bay, a harbor that is as safe for ships as that at Rio. Toward the south the peninsula runs to a small point and here is located a large lighthouse, a familiar landmark to all mariners of these waters. There is another lighthouse on the southern boundary of the bay, and the broad sheet of water is dotted with islands of various sizes.

The run to All Saints Bay was made without special incident and soon the *American Queen* came to anchor, and the professor and the young explorers went ashore. They found the docks piled high with merchandise of all descriptions, and negro stevedores and porters were in evidence everywhere.

"Business is certainly humming here," observed

Frank. "And the blacks are as big and burly as one could imagine."

They had turned all of their baggage over to a local transportation company and were driven in a rattling *bond* through the narrow and dirty streets to the bottom of the hydraulic elevator the professor had mentioned. Many of the streets which they passed were little better than alleyways, with hovels huddled close together, and dirty children and equally dirty grown people swarming from every quarter.

"This is the old town, and though many of these residents might have it better elsewhere they refuse to move," said Amos Strong. "They are as attached to their crowded quarters as are some of the Jews and other people of the East Side in New York City."

"But nothing in the East Side is quite as bad as this," said Mark, who felt bound to stand up for the city that was his home.

They were soon in the elevator, and a few minutes more found them on the streets of the new part of Bahia. Here the thoroughfares were wider and cleaner, and the shops and houses looked to be equally comfortable. There were also a number of

parks, or public squares, filled with various kinds of shade trees and many of the streets were lined with banana and orange trees. The majority of the passers-by were well dressed and a few were really elegantly attired.

"This looks like quite another city," said Mark, as they rode along in another *bond* to one of the hotels. "Those orange trees are simply great."

"And look at the banana trees," came from Sam. "What a fine thing to walk along here when the bananas are ripe."

"Yes, indeed," put in Darry, with a twinkle in his eye. "Especially if you happened to be looking at something and suddenly put your foot on a fallen banana. Maybe you wouldn't get a tumble." And then there was a general laugh.

After arriving at the hotel, the professor had to go off, to look up certain money matters, and he left the youths to shift for themselves. They decided to take a long walk and visit such places of interest as struck their fancy.

"Let us make a tour of some of the shops," suggested Mark. "Perhaps we'll be able to pick up some real curiosities to send home."

The others agreed, and soon they were down on the street where stores and shops seemed to be most numerous. All sorts of goods were for sale, and they stopped to gaze in one place after another. While they were doing this an American voice hailed them and caused them to look around in surprise.

"By Jove, but I am glad to see you fellows!" came from J. Langnack Green. "Never so glad to see anybody in my life, don't you know."

They stared at the young man, and with good reason. His clothing was soiled and torn, his face unshaven, and he had about him a general air of neglect.

"How do you do?" answered Mark coolly. Green then glanced at Hockley, but Jake did not condescend to speak to the fellow whom he had made his boon companion in Rio.

"Well, I'm not doing at all, don't you know," answered J. Langnack Green. "Came up to this beastly city four days ago and got cheated out of every dollar of my money by a lot of sharpers."

"That is certainly rough," put in Sam, who felt bound to say something.

"My dear friend, rough is not the word. It is horrid, simply horrid. And that isn't the worst of it, either. I have cabled to my aunt for more funds, don't you know, but the hotel keeper won't wait till the money comes and he has threatened to put me out on the street. Think of it, me, J. Langnack Green, belonging to one of the oldest families in New York, to be put out like a common beat. Isn't it enough to make one's blood boil?"

"How did the sharpers happen to cheat you out of your money?" questioned Frank.

"Oh, they were very clever. One was an American and the others were Brazilians, and they got me interested in a gold mine up here in the hills. I didn't really know much about it, but one of the men said he could make five thousand dollars inside of two weeks if he had three hundred dollars cash to put up just that morning. He said if I would lend him the cash he would give me good security and give me a thousand dollars in two weeks for my trouble."

"You were easy," said Mark, who could not help laughing at the dude. "So you put up? What security did he give you?"

"A lot of Spanish bonds which he said were

worth ten per cent. more than their face value. Here they are," and J. Langnack Green pulled a packet of greasy-looking scrip from his pocket.

"Have you asked a banker about them?" asked Jake, curiously.

"Yes, three of them, and all say they are worth about five cents each as curiosities."

"And what became of the sharpers?" asked Darry.

"I don't know." The dude heaved a long sigh. "You will help me out, won't you?" And he gazed from one to another appealingly.

"I guess we can do something for you," said Mark, after an awkward pause. "But I think you were very foolish to trust strangers."

"I suppose I was, but really, they appeared such nice men, don't you know. The American told me that one of the others was related to the royal family of Spain!"

"Do you believe he was?"

"I don't believe it—now. I did when he told me, though."

"What was the American's name?" questioned Frank.

"He gave his name as James Haverlock, but I

once saw a note-book he carried and the name in that was Daniel Markel."

"Dan Markel!" ejaculated several of the young explorers in concert.

"The fellow who once swindled Jake," added Frank.

"I thought you fellows met Markel on the Island of Martinique," came from the youth mentioned. "You said he was arrested there for robbing one of the plantations that had suffered from the volcano eruption."

"So we did meet him," answered Darry. "And the last we saw of him he was being marched off to jail for his crime. He must have gotten away somehow."

"That might have been easy—with everybody upset on account of the volcano disaster," put in Mark. "But let us make sure if it was Markel."

They described the sharper from Baltimore to Green and by comparing notes soon reached the conclusion that it must have been Dan Markel beyond a doubt. The dude could not give the names of Markel's Brazilian confederates, saying he had heard them, but they had slipped his memory.

Hockley had been of a mind to treat J. Langnack

Green distantly, for he had not forgotten the affair at the military gathering in the Rio park, but the fact that the dude had suffered at the hands of a rascal who had once made himself suffer caused him to change his determination.

"I know Markel to my sorrow," he said bluntly. "He's as slick as they make 'em. It's a great pity he got away from you. Of course you don't know where he went to?"

"I think he sailed away."

"He'd be likely to do that," put in Mark. "Escaping to some place into the interior would not be so easy. If he took a train he might be stopped by a telegram."

Further conversation with J. Langnack Green revealed the fact that he had not had a square meal that day. He also needed a new coat and a hat, and without more ado the boys "chipped in" to the amount of twenty-five dollars and gave it to him as a loan.

"The finest fellows I ever met, upon my honor," said J. Langnack Green, much relieved. "I'll pay you back as soon as I hear from my aunt."

A clothing shop was not far off, and the whole party went to this, where the dude was fitted with a

new coat and hat. The style was by no means what he desired, but his loss had humbled him and he took what he could get without murmuring. Then they moved to a restaurant, the young explorers to treat themselves to a light lunch while Green filled up on a more substantial meal.

"I've had some trying times since I left Rio," said J. Langnack Green, while he was eating. "I came up to Bahia in a sailing vessel and we struck two heavy squalls. I was sick nearly all the time, don't you know. Oh, it was beastly!"

"What do you intend to do next?" asked Mark.

"I don't know yet. It—er—it depends somewhat on how much my aunt sends me. I cabled for three hundred dollars, but she doesn't like to send me too much at a time."

The dude wanted to talk to Jake about the affair in Rio, but the tall youth would give him no chance. Then the conversation drifted around to the question of what the young explorers meant to do next, and J. Langnack Green said he was going to Para and up the Amazon, too.

"Perhaps we can go together," said he.

"Perhaps," said Mark coldly. "You'll have to arrange with Professor Strong about that."

After the meal they separated, the dude to learn if any message had yet come for him and the others to continue their sightseeing. J. Langnack Green promised to call upon them at the hotel that evening, he having stopped at another resort since coming to Bahia.

"He makes me tired all over," said Darry, when they were out of hearing. "I can't stand him at all."

"He says he is coming to stop at our hotel," said Frank. "I suppose we'll have to put up with him as long as we stay in this city."

"Well, I'm not going to have any more to do with him," said Jake bluntly. "I've had my dose, and that's enough."

From one place of interest the young explorers passed to another. They visited the cathedral, the lyceum, the seminary, and the library, and then an old church said to date back to the fifteenth century.

"They tell me that the marble for that cathedral was brought all the way from Lisbon," said Sam, who had been reading up on the subject. "If that is so, it must have cost a large sum to erect the building."

In the newer part of Bahia are located the consulates of various nations, each with the national colors

displayed. They looked in at these places also, and Mark and Jake took several pictures. Then, feeling somewhat tired, they walked to one of the public squares and sat down on a couple of the long benches.

"It's quite interesting," said Frank. "But to-morrow I want——"

What Frank wanted on the morrow he did not tell just then, for at that instant a little monkey that had been perched in one of the trees of the park came down, and after looking at the youth curiously for a moment, gave a little cheep, leaped up, and cuddled down in the boy's lap.

CHAPTER XX

PARKIE THE MONKEY

"HULLO! Frank has made a new friend!" cried Mark, as he gazed at the little monkey in astonishment.

"He seems to be tame," put in Sam. "Perhaps he is somebody's pet."

Frank began to pet the little creature, and Darry passed up a cracker he had slipped into his pocket at the restaurant. The monkey accepted the cracker gladly and then touched his forehead with his paw and bowed twice.

"He is certainly somebody's pet," observed Mark. "If he wasn't he wouldn't do anything like that."

"If you are somebody's pet, where do you belong?" asked Frank, addressing the affectionate creature, but the monkey only cheeped in answer.

"He can't give his home address," said Darry, with a laugh. "You'll have to take him with you, Frank."

"I am willing enough to do that, if the professor will allow it," was the quick answer.

"Hurrah! Frank has added another member to the party," cried Mark. "What will you name him, Frank?"

"Better call him Number Seven," suggested Sam. "He'll make number seven, you know."

"Thanks, but I'm not going to number him, like a convict, or a Hungarian coal miner," retorted Frank. He mused for a second. "I have it. He was found in this little park, so why not call him Parkie?"

"Good enough," came from several of the others.

The little monkey ate the cracker quickly, showing that he was hungry. Then a street peddler came along with some cakes and candies, and they purchased all they wished for themselves and all the monkey wanted too.

When they returned to the hotel they found the monkey perfectly willing to accompany them. He would go to each one when called, but always came back to Frank.

"He has accepted you as his master," said Jake. "And, if you'll let him, the chances are that he'll stay with you as long as he lives."

When Amos Strong saw the monkey, and realized what a cute little fellow he was, he appeared as delighted as his pupils.

"If nobody calls for him, you can keep him," he said to Frank. "I once owned a monkey, during my travels in French Guiana, and he was as much company as a good dog."

The professor listened with keen interest to what they had to tell concerning J. Langnack Green and the dude's doings with Dan Markel.

"That Markel is certainly like a bad penny, turning up when not wanted," he said. "It is not likely that Green will ever see his money again."

"We've been wondering what we had best do about Green," said Mark.

"You have done all that he can expect of you. As soon as he gets the money sent for, he should pay back what he has borrowed."

"But he wants to travel with us," came from Jake. "I'm sure I don't want him."

Amos Strong shook his head decidedly.

"Neither do I want him. Of course we can't stop him from traveling where we do, but he cannot become one of our party. That is final."

The young tourists had expected to see J. Langnack Green that night, but to their wonder the dude did not show himself, nor did he appear the next day.

"Perhaps he has gotten into more trouble," said Sam. "Well, if he has, he can get himself out of it without our aid;" and the others agreed with him.

During the next two days the young explorers continued to visit the various points of interest in and near Bahia. They spent two hours at the national mint, seeing the bullion turned into gold and silver coins of various denominations, and they also visited a large cigar factory and a spice mill. At the latter place the spices were flying everywhere, and they did a large amount of sneezing before they came away. Jake also visited, with Frank, a lumber yard and a large sawmill, and took several pictures of the kind desired by his father.

The change in the former bully was certainly wonderful. His overbearing manner had entirely disappeared, and it was only on rare occasions that his face clouded down into the scowl that had been so habitual with him. The tall youth was trying his best to control his temper and it was hard work, as

every boy knows who has at one time or another been the victim of his passion.

"I wonder if Jake will ever break loose again," said Frank to Mark.

"Perhaps—a fellow can't cure himself in a day, you know. But if he does break loose, Frank, we ought to do all we can to mend matters."

"I agree with you there."

On Sunday the party attended one of the English churches in Bahia and heard a very good sermon. The preacher spoke of the many blessings this life contained for every one, and how each should be thankful, and the boys were much impressed.

"That minister spoke as if he meant it," said Sam.

"Well, he does mean it," answered Amos Strong. "He has been here for years and has done an incalculable amount of good, both among the rich and the poor. He is the sort of missionary that counts for something."

By Monday afternoon the *American Queen* was ready to leave Bahia and they went on board once more, Frank taking Parkie, the monkey, with him. The little simian had by this time made himself perfectly at home, and Frank had taught him several

new tricks, of which both the young explorer and his charge appeared equally proud.

"Another passenger, eh?" said Captain Barton, as he looked at Parkie. "Reckon I'll have to make him sign articles for the voyage," and he smiled broadly.

"One thing is sure, you haven't a sailor on board who can go up a mast any quicker," answered Frank.

"I've got an old friend of yours on board," went on the master of the *American Queen*. "Took a stateroom early this morning."

"Who?"

"Mr. J. Langnack Green. He says he is going through to Para with you."

The news proved correct, and a little later the dude presented himself, dressed in a new suit of clothes and as spick and span as ever.

"Been having quite a good deal of trouble," said he, after paying back the loan. "Otherwise I would have come back to the hotel, don't you know. It was about that money my aunt sent. The beastly bankers wouldn't let me have a dollar until I had proved a whole mess of things. Bahia is a truly horrible city. I'm glad to leave it."

"We found it very interesting," answered Mark.

"The black folks are so nice-looking," put in Darry, with a wink at his chums. "Didn't you think they were real beauties?"

"My gracious, no!" gasped the dude. "I—I detest them, don't you know."

"By the way," went on Darry, turning to Mark with another wink. "What became of that fat colored woman who came to the hotel looking for her lost baby? She didn't find that baby, did she?"

"I—I don't think so," answered Mark. He knew that Darry was up to some joke, but could not surmise what.

"She said some traveler had stolen her little baby," went on the fun-loving youth. "She thought the baby had been carried off to one of the ships in the harbor."

"That's rather interesting," said J. Langnack Green.

"It will be interesting for the person who carried off the baby—especially if that colored mother finds it out."

"A man who would carry off a baby, even a colored baby, ought to be hanged," came from Jake.

"The colored woman was looking for a young

man," went on Darry. "If he's got her baby he had better look out."

Shortly after this talk the young explorers separated from the dude, and the others at once surrounded Darry and wanted to know what was in the wind.

"I was thinking of Parkie," said Darry. "He'll make a first-class colored baby, if we can find any long clothes for him."

"Good!" laughed Sam. "Are you going to put him in Green's stateroom?"

"Yes, and then have somebody institute a search for the long-lost baby."

Among the passengers were a couple from England. They had a daughter of nine with them, and this miss possessed several dolls, all with long dresses and one with a tiny cap. This outfit was borrowed by Darry and Sam, and Parkie was dressed up in a manner that was new to him. But he was on his good behavior, and, after looking the dress over with care and biting on the buttons, he consented to wear it without a murmur.

Several of the passengers had heard the talk about the stolen colored baby, and these now came to Darry for the particulars. They were let into the joke, and

one old merchant, a fat and jolly personage, consented to help the affair along all he could.

"Strange that that colored woman can't find that baby," he said to another passenger, in the hearing of J. Langnack Green. "She says it must be on board of this ship. I believe she is going to have the staterooms searched."

"She had better—before we get too far from land. If that kid is found on this ship, more than likely somebody will be arrested," was the answer of the other passenger.

A little while after this J. Langnack Green started to go down to his stateroom. Instantly Darry beckoned for the others to follow him.

"Hullo, Green!" he called out when below. "Have you had your stateroom ransacked yet."

"Ransacked?" repeated the dude in perplexity.

"Yes—I mean by that colored woman and the detective."

"Goodness gracious, I haven't her baby!"

"Well, they claim it must be somewhere on this ship."

"I hate babies, don't you know. She had better not come near me," answered J. Langnack, and entered his stateroom, slamming the door after him.

"Now for fun!" whispered Darry, and crept up to the door, followed by the others.

The fun was not long in coming. The dude made a light and turned toward his berth, and then they heard an exclamation.

"Goodness gracious!" came pantingly. "What in the world is this? It must be that colored woman's baby! Oh, my, who was horrid enough to leave it here? I'll have to tell the captain about this, I really will, don't you know! Oh, dear! oh, dear! what will the rest of the passengers say? And that colored woman, she'll say I stole it!" J. Langnack Green gave a groan. "This is positively the worst mess I ever saw in my life! It's enough to drive one mad!"

The others listening at the door had all they could do to keep from screaming outright. Frank started to laugh, but Darry clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Don't give it away yet," he whispered. "Come on in and accuse Green of having taken the baby because he wanted to adopt a son!"

And then he opened the stateroom door and led the way inside.

CHAPTER XXI

A BRIEF STOP AT PERNAMBUCO

"I DON'T believe that baby is here at all, no matter what the colored woman says," said Darry in a loud voice. "What would Green want of the child?"

"Folks do queer things sometimes," replied Sam, in an equally loud tone. "Now I know—well, I never!"

"Hullo, here is the baby as sure as you are born!" cried Frank, and hurried over to the berth, for Parkie showed strong signs of hopping up to sit on his shoulder. "You poor little kid!" And he took up the monkey and held the animal so that the dude could only get a sight of the long dress and the cap.

"Well, I must say I didn't think this of you," said Mark, addressing J. Langnack in a serious tone. "Why, Green, it's simply awful!"

"That woman insisted her baby must be here," chimed in Darry.

"Hullo, here is the baby as sure as you are born!" cried Frank. — *Page 210.*

The dude looked from one to the other in commingled astonishment and despair. He wrung his hands and his breath came thick and fast.

"Now see here," he began, "I didn't, upon my honor—I—oh, this is simply dreadful! I just came down and——"

"It is dreadful," interrupted Darry. "But what made you do it? Now you'll have to go back to Bahia and stand trial, and think of the scandal, Green—running off with the baby of a poor colored woman!" And he shook his curly head sorrowfully.

"See here, this is a beastly mistake, don't you know!" roared the dude. "I—I didn't take that baby—never saw it before."

"But it was here, in your stateroom," insisted Frank. "It's a clear case, Green."

"Yes, you might as well acknowledge it," came from Mark. "Better go to the colored lady and beg her pardon."

"Say you did it while you were suffering from a stroke of mental paralysis," suggested Sam.

"But I didn't do it, I tell you!" almost shouted the dude. Then he wrung his hands again. "Oh,

this is truly horrible! I wish I was back in New York!"

"I've got an idea," said Frank suddenly. "Let us help Langnack out of the scrape. We can take the baby away on the sly and land it in the colored woman's stateroom. She won't know where it came from."

"That's the talk," put in Darry, another thought striking him. "Come on."

"Oh, you are so good!" gasped the dude. "Get the baby away and I'll—I'll do anything for you! Get it away quick!"

"We will," said Frank, and bolted for the door, for Parkie could be kept quiet no longer.

"You stay here for a while," said Darry to the dude. "Don't let that colored woman see you," and he went after Frank, and the others followed. Out in the corridor Parkie was stripped of the doll's clothes and the garments were put out of sight.

"Say, but this is a rare good joke," observed Jake. "Best I ever saw."

"You can finish it up, Jake, if you wish," said Darry. "Play colored lady and go to the door and demand the baby."

If there was one thing Hockley could do well it

was to imitate the talk of a colored person, and he had often amused the boys at the academy by giving dialect recitations.

"Yes, go by all means!" cried Sam. "We'll go with you."

"But I don't care to black up," answered the tall youth.

"You won't have to. Green will keep that door shut and locked, take my word for it."

They hurried back to the door and Darry went ahead.

"I tell you, madam, the baby isn't down here," he said, loud enough for the dude to hear.

"Dun yo' tell me nuffin' like dat, chile," came from Jake in strong negro accents. "I'se gwine to fin' ma baby, do yo' yeah? Dar's sumfin' a-tellin' me dat ma baby is right down in dis room."

"But, madam——" went on Darry, who could scarcely keep from laughing as he heard the lock on the door turned from the inside.

"An' if dat bol', bad man has got my baby, I'se gwine to make it mos' awful hot fo' him, yo' min' dat!" went on Jake, apparently in high anger. Then he knocked loudly on the door.

At first there was no response, and he knocked

again and then made a move as if to shove on the door.

"Madam, what do you—er—want?" asked Green in a shaky voice.

"Yo' know well enough what I wants, yo' mean white trash," answered Jake.

"'Pon my honor I do not."

"I wants ma baby."

"I haven't your baby, madam—I haven't anybody's baby. I want you to go away and leave me alone."

"Do yo' dare deny dat yo' took dat chile?"

"I do, madam, I do deny it," cried J. Langnack Green vehemently. "Now please go away, that's a good woman. Go away and I'll give you—er—I'll give you five dollars!"

"I'se gwine to see de cap'n an' dat 'tective 'bout dis," answered Jake, and moved off, and the others went with him. They bolted straight for the stateroom occupied by Mark and Frank, and here indulged in a laugh that lasted for a long time.

"Poor Green is scared out of his wits," said Sam. "He won't dare to leave that stateroom for a week."

"Jake, you ought to go on the stage," said Darry, and this pleased Hockley a good deal.

The joke soon went the round of the ship and caused many a laugh. Green did not appear that night, and in the morning Darry went to him and told him it was all over.

"The woman is gone and so is the baby," he said. "Everybody knows it was a mistake, so you are all right. But if I were you I wouldn't say a word about it."

"I'll keep mum," replied J. Langnack. "But it was dreadful, wasn't it?" he went on. "Never had such a dreadful experience in my life, never!"

The run up the coast from Bahia to Pernambuco took but three days. During that time the sky was clouded over continuously, and it showered sixteen times, according to a record kept by Sam. On the day they sailed it was fairly cool, but it grew warmer, showing that they were again drawing closer to the equator. On board the ship but little could be seen except the sullen clouds and the greenish-blue waves. Once a flock of birds circled around the ship and alighted on the masts and rails. This pleased Parkie, and the little fellow did his best to catch some of the birds, but without success.

Frank was now strongly attached to his new pet, and all of the others thought a good deal of the little

fellow. Darry taught him to jump back and forth through a hoop, as if jumping a rope, and Frank made for him a wooden gun and taught him to shoulder and present arms.

"He'll do to go in a monkey circus by the time we get home," observed Mark.

"He shall never go into a public exhibition," answered Frank. "I'm going to keep him for a private pet—that is, if nobody comes to claim him."

"Pernambuco is the most easterly city of importance in Brazil," said the professor on the day that they entered the harbor. "It is also called Recife, and is the capital of the State of Pernambuco. As you can see, it lies on very low ground, and in former years was considered one of the most unhealthy of ports. But the sanitary conditions have been changed, and to-day the city is no worse than others in the tropics."

"It seems to be divided into several parts," said Mark.

"Yes, the lower part of the city is divided into three parts by inlets from the sea. There is no high ground whatever until you reach Olinda, eight miles to the north."

"It looks to be as big as Bahia," came from Sam.

"It is not quite as large as that port, but is of equal importance, for all vessels sailing from Lisbon to Rio stop at Pernambuco, and many ships from the United States and Cuba, and also from Central America, stop here. It is a great shipping place for cattle, which are raised on the plains bordering the banks of the San Francisco River."

"I was reading of some large cotton plantations here," said Darry.

"The cotton and sugar plantations are mostly to the westward, and the products are brought into the city by railroad or by carts. One cotton plantation, lying two hundred miles inland, is very extensive, and the value of the annual crop foots up to a good many thousands of dollars."

"I've heard a good deal about Pernambuco wood," said Jake. "A friend of mine had a violin bow made of it."

"Yes, it is a favorite wood for violin bows, Jacob, and for a good many other things requiring elasticity and a high polish. It is really a species of dyewood, of which there are several varieties all known by the general name of Brazilwood. The

Pernambuco variety is a thorny tree, with spiked pods and having red and yellow flowers that are of peculiar sweetness."

"Talking about Brazilwood, where do the Brazil nuts come from?"

"We saw those on the Orinoco, and we'll see more of them in the northern part of Brazil. They grow on a very large tree. The nuts come in a shell, many of them together, and the shell is six to twelve inches in diameter. The natives break these shells with large stones, and then lay the nuts out to dry, just as we lay out walnuts and hickory nuts."

"I'd like to climb up one of those trees and get a few of those shells full of nuts," came from Frank.

"I'm afraid, Frank, that climbing up would be rather difficult. The Brazil nut trees grow to a height of a hundred feet and more and the trunks are ten feet and over in diameter. More than that, the branches are all located near the top of the tree, the bottom of the trunk being perfectly smooth."

They were soon ashore at Pernambuco, and after a brief look around they were glad that the *American*

Queen was going to make a stop lasting only two days.

"It's not very much different from Bahia," said Mark, "excepting that it is not quite so clean."

Down near the steamer on which they had come in was a vessel equally large which was loading with cotton. It was an interesting sight to see the big bales hoisted on board and lowered into the hold. Negro stevedores were everywhere, and as they worked they sang in a low, monotonous chant that appeared to have no beginning or no ending. These negroes were but lightly clad. They perspired freely, and this caused their brownish bodies to glisten like polished metal.

"They seem to be happy," said Sam. "I wonder what they earn?"

"In days gone by negro labor down here was very cheap," answered the professor. "But to-day they earn almost as much as do the plantation hands in our own Southern States. Many of these negroes have Indian blood in their veins, and a small portion of them are more Indian than they are black."

"I haven't seen many Indians yet," said Frank.

"That is true, but you will see plenty of them at Para and on the Amazon. As a general rule the

Indians, as in our country, do not take to the large cities."

"Are they civilized?" asked Jake.

"Some of them appear to be. But other tribes, on the upper Amazon, are as wild as they were centuries ago."

CHAPTER XXII

ABOUT BIRDS, BEASTS, BUTTERFLIES, AND OTHER THINGS

WHILE at Pernambuco the young explorers, in company with Professor Strong, visited Olinda, already mentioned in these pages. This town is located on a beautiful hill, and from one portion of it a fine view can be obtained of the Atlantic Ocean.

At Olinda lived an old American planter named Jefferson Beldon. He had come to Brazil some twenty years before to engage in the cotton trade, and had made considerable money. He was known to Mark's father, and the youth was, therefore, anxious to meet the gentleman and his family.

"I am very glad to know you," said the old planter, after Mark had introduced himself and the others. "Your father wrote to me that you were on a tour down here and might stop at Pernambuco.

While you are here you must make my house your home."

"Thank you," returned Mark. "But we must get back to the seaport to-night, for our ship sails in the morning."

"What ship is that?"

"The *American Queen,* Captain Barton."

"A good ship and a worthy captain—I know him well. What is your next stopping place?"

"Para. We are going up the Amazon."

"Is it possible!" cried Jefferson Beldon. "Why, I am going up the Amazon myself in the course of two or three weeks. You see," he continued, "I have sold out the interest I held in a cotton plantation here, and now I am thinking of investing in a rubber company that is operating on the Amazon and some of its branches. But before putting my money into the company I want to look over the ground."

"That is where you are wise," said Amos Strong. "Some of those companies are good, but others——"

"Are made up of swindlers," finished the old planter. "Yes, I am well aware of that, professor. But this, I am inclined to believe, is all right, for

some of the men at its head are known to me. But I want to make sure that they are operating in the best place to get rubber. I have been given to understand that some of the localities have been worked out completely, and that the rubber trees are all but dead."

Jefferson Beldon introduced his wife and three daughters. The girls were about the age of the young explorers, and it did not take long for all to become friendly. While the old planter and the professor talked about the Amazon, Mrs. Beldon went out to have supper prepared for the guests, and the boys and girls spent the time in chatting, singing, and in looking around the house and garden.

"You must have jolly times," said Edith Beldon, the oldest of the sisters, to Mark. "I wish we girls could travel around as you do."

"We do have good times," answered Mark. "And we see many things that are new and strange to us."

"You had better get your father to take you up the Amazon with him," suggested Frank. "He said he was going most of the way on the regular steamer."

"Oh, if only he would!" burst out Cora, the

second in age. "Then if we met up there we could all travel together."

"I'd like to travel on the Amazon if I was sure I wouldn't get bitten by some wild animal, or fall into the embrace of a boa-constrictor," put in Ella, the youngest of the girls.

"Oh, say, don't mention boa-constrictors!" cried Jake with a shudder.

"Why, did you ever meet one?" questioned Edith.

"Yes, I did, and I should have been killed if it hadn't been for Sam and Darry. They shot the thing just as it was crushing the life out of me."

After that there was nothing to do but to give the particulars of the affair (as already related in "Lost on the Orinoco"), and then the girls all voted Sam and Darry regular heroes.

"Would you kill a snake like that if it caught me?" asked Ella archly of Sam.

"I might," returned the boy from Boston, with a smile. "But I shouldn't wish you to let the snake catch you just to see what I would do," he added. And then both laughed.

"Jake is a hero, too," put in Frank. "He res-

cued Sam from a nasty tumble over a cliff," and then the particulars of that happening had also to be told.

From one tale the boys went to the next, and it was supper time before they realized it.

"Papa, we want to go up on the Amazon," said Edith, while they were eating. "We want you to take us up on the steamer when you go to look at that rubber country."

"Is that so!" cried the old planter, with a laugh. "That's easily said, but what would you do after you got there?"

"Go exploring, just as these young gentlemen are doing."

"Do you think you could shoot a jaguar?" asked Amos Strong, with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, I shouldn't want to go near the beast."

"We could stay on the steamer if it was necessary," put in Cora; "only take us along, won't you?"

"Yes, we want to go so much," added Ella.

"I'll see about it," answered Jefferson Beldon; and then the subject was changed. But the girls could not give up the idea thus suddenly formed, and when the planter started for Para he took

them all with him, and his wife accompanied the party.

J. Langnack Green had found life on shipboard very monotonous, and nothing at Pernambuco interested him. More than this, he was growing suspicious regarding the "lost baby" incident, and he kept wondering if that had not been Frank's monkey the boys had taken from the berth in his stateroom. When he learned that the whole party had visited friends at Olinda, and that the lads had been royally entertained by three young ladies, he was more put out than ever.

"I wish you had told me about this, don't you know," he said to Darry. "I should have liked awfully to have met the young ladies. Some of them consider me quite a charmer."

"They were Mark's friends," answered Frank. "Perhaps, if they go up the Amazon, and you do too, you'll meet them later on."

"This is a beastly city," went on the dude. "Mostly all black folks, and they stare at one so rudely. And what do you think? I had my shoes polished by one negro, and I had scarcely walked a block when an imp of a boy came up and covered one shoe with mud. Of course, I couldn't go with one

shoe polished and the other dirty, so I had to go back and have the job done over again."

From Pernambuco the course was due north, past Parahyba and Natal, and then northwesterly for Para. Occasionally they stood in so close to the shore that the mountains and forests could be seen in the dim distance, but usually they were out of sight of land and also out of sight of the light-houses, of which the coast of Brazil contains not a few.

"Parahyba is of small importance, excepting to a limited coastwise trade," said Professor Strong. "But Natal is an old place, and there is considerable shipping from that port. It contains perhaps thirty thousand people, and is the capital of the State of Rio Grande do Norte. Like Pernambuco, it is located on low land, not far from where the Rio Grande empties into the Atlantic."

"Shall we pass many other places of importance?" asked Jake.

"Only two between here and Para. They are Ceara, sometimes called Fortaleza, and Maranhão. Each of those cities is the capital of a State of the same name. They do a fair trade, and have behind them an immense stretch of territory, part of which

is devoted to sugar, cotton, coffee, tobacco, and the raising of cattle. Dyestuffs are also gathered here and valuable building lumber, and a little mining is done. But there are miles and miles of territory without a single inhabitant, and here the soil is often rocky and unproductive."

"I see by the map that the mouth of the Amazon is directly at the equator," said Frank. "That ought to make it a pretty hot place."

"The temperature of the whole eastern coast of Brazil is modified by the trade winds, which, as you know, blow almost constantly. It is when you get into the interior that you feel the heat, just as you felt it on the upper Orinoco and on the Isthmus of Panama."

"What about the seasons at the equator?" said Frank. "It seems to me that we are having a lot of wet weather lately."

"Commonly speaking, the seasons are divided into but two parts—the wet and the dry. The wet season begins about Christmas and lasts until June. I think in former years the seasons were more marked than they are to-day. I have heard the Indians on the Amazon tell of rain lasting for three moons almost without ceasing, but I have never

seen it so. Usually it rains for a few days or a week and then lets up for a day or two, or else it will rain in the morning and clear up in the afternoon, and then rain again in the evening."

"Perhaps the climate is changing just as it is changing around New York," put in Frank. "My father says the winters are not nearly as severe as they used to be. He says that one year the river was frozen over so they could walk from New York to Jersey City on the ice."

"When the rain comes down it is sometimes very heavy, and the thunder and lightning is terrific and does tremendous damage to the trees. Along the Amazon you will sometimes see windfalls, where a hurricane has swept the ground clear of trees, bushes, and vines. But the break is soon covered up, for vegetation, on account of the heat and moisture, is very rapid. I once heard an old traveler say that if a man started to cut the brushwood off an acre plot on the Amazon he'd find, by the time he had reached the end, that the first half was completely overgrown again."

"As bad as the foot-a-day vine in Venezuela," said Jake.

"And the pumpkins that grew after they were

gathered, and burst out the sides of the Yankee farmer's barn," came from Darry, and then all laughed.

"I suppose Parkie will find lots of relatives when we get on the Amazon," said Frank.

"You are right there, Frank," said Amos Strong. "Monkeys can be found in an almost endless variety, from the howling monkey, such as you have already seen, to the sober sort that rarely makes a noise of any kind. You will also find a large variety of birds, from the eagle to the tiny humming-birds, and also a great number of pigeons and hoccos. There are red, blue, and green parrots, and orioles such as you never see anywhere else."

"Then our trip up the Amazon is bound to be full of interest," remarked Sam with deep satisfaction. "Of course I'll see some new kinds of butterflies to add to my collection."

"You will, Samuel. Some of the rarest specimens are found in that territory."

"If I had the time and could carry them I'd make a collection of birds and have them stuffed," came from Frank. "As it is, if I get the chance I'm going to bring down the birds and clean 'em and send 'em home."

"I'm going to take up a fad, too," put in Darry. "Mark and Jake have their photos, Sam has butterflies and geological specimens, and you'll have your birds. I'm going to collect ferns, leaves, and flowers, and put them in a big book. You'll help me classify them, won't you, professor?"

"Certainly, Dartworth; and such a collection, when you get home, will be very valuable to you."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE STOP-OFF AT PARA

As the steamer approached the end of the trip the young explorers became more and more enthusiastic concerning the voyage up the mighty Amazon.

"I'm sure it's going to be even more interesting than our trip up the Orinoco," said Frank. "Just think of sailing up the largest river in the world!"

"I didn't much like what the professor said about the Indians," came from Jake. "I have no desire to get among a lot of savages."

"Oh, I reckon they won't hurt us if we treat them fairly," put in Darry. "Indians don't generally fight unless they are imposed upon."

"Much you know about it," was the retort. "History tells us better than that."

"Well, if the Indians are unfriendly we can steer clear of them," said Mark, and to avoid an argument he continued: "How about your guns, boys? We haven't had a chance to use them in quite a while."

"Mine is O. K.," came from Frank. "I was looking at it last night."

The talk then became general about firearms, and in the end the young explorers and the professor spent a good two hours in cleaning and oiling their guns and small arms. Then they took turns at shooting at a target, just to "get into the swing of it," as Darry declared. All proved that they had lost none of the accuracy which Amos Strong had been at so much pains to teach them.

The target shooting aroused a mild interest in J. Langnack Green.

"Quite fair, don't you know," he drawled. "Not quite as good as it might be, but still it might be worse."

"Of course you shoot," said Frank.

"Never, my dear boy, never! I think a gun is a beastly thing to handle."

"And you expect to go up the Amazon?" demanded Darry, with a wink at his friends. "What do you expect to do if a jaguar, or a boa-constrictor thirty feet long, gets after you?"

"Goodness gracious!"

"Or a tribe of wild Indians set out to take your scalp," put in Sam, who readily fell in with the joke.

"Are there wild Indians there?" faltered the dude.

"I was reading in a book how the Indians caught two white men, cooked them, and ate them," came from Frank, but he did not add that the book was about seventy-five years old and told of things that had happened in 1800.

"My dear boy, really you do not mean it?" J. Langnack turned pale. "This is horrible! I don't want to be cooked and eaten—and I don't want to be caught by a—a jaguar or a big snake either!"

"Perhaps you'd prefer to fall in with a puma," suggested Frank.

"Or with some of the Amazonian blood-sucking bats," put in Mark. "They tell me they are to be found nearly everywhere and love to suck blood from a fellow's big toe."

"No! no! I want nothing of the kind!" cried the dude. "I hate all wild animals, excepting they are in a menagerie."

"You'd be safe enough if you could shoot well," went on Darry. "It's nothing to knock over a jaguar, a puma, and a boa-constrictor in one fight if you have a double-barreled rifle and a good six-

shooter. The bats you have to strike with a long hunting-knife, for shooting them doesn't seem to hurt them in the least," he continued, doing his best to keep a sober face.

"Is—is the river shore full of wild beasts?"

"To be sure," said Frank. "You'll see boatload after boatload of skins coming down, and sometimes a dead hunter or two with 'em. The slaughter is fearful. That's what we thought you wanted to see."

"It's greater than the slaughter at the stock-yards in Chicago, isn't it, Darry?" asked Sam.

"Much greater, Beans. Oh, you'll be a regular Nimrod before you get home again, Green, if you once get into the swing of it."

"Thanks, but I—I really don't think I'll try it," answered the dude. "I—I think I'll go up as far as the steamer sails and then sail back again." And here the "jollying," as Frank called it, had to come to an end, for from the lookout came a cry of land, which caused everybody to rush to the deck.

Land was there, a dim, low-lying outline far to the westward. In its midst was a lighthouse.

"That is Point Malaya," said Captain Barton, in reply to a question from one of the passengers. "It

is located about eighty miles from the entrance to the Para River."

"I didn't know there was such a river," said Darry to Frank.

"The Para River is really the Tocantins," said Amos Strong, who overheard the remark. "This is a stream several hundred miles long and rises almost due south of the city of Para, which, by the way, is sometimes called Belem. The Amazon River is just to the north of this stream, and a good portion of the water from the Amazon flows into the Para, or Tocantins, through a number of small streams and canals which lead from one waterway to the other."

"Is Para on the river or on the ocean?" asked Jake.

"Para is located on the river, about seventy-five miles from the Atlantic. The Para is very broad, being forty miles wide at its mouth and twenty miles wide where the city is located. The north shore of the stream is formed by the island of Marajo, a body of land not quite a hundred and fifty miles square. To the north of this big island lie the mouths of the Amazon, with several smaller islands scattered between."

"How large a place is it?" questioned Mark.

"Para has a population of about seventy-five thousand. But the importance of the city is far in excess of its population, for virtually the whole of the trading on the Amazon is done through this port. Para has regular lines of steamers to the United States, England, France, Germany, and the Mediterranean, and a very large coast trade in addition. There are also lines of steamers that run up the Amazon for a distance of two thousand miles, although some of the large vessels do not go half that distance."

"I suppose rubber is the big thing down here," came from Mark.

"About twenty-five years ago rubber formed three-quarters of the value of the total Amazonian trade. To-day, however, many other things are exported, including cocoa, hides, nuts, and Peruvian bark, from which we get our quinine. The city is an old one, but in 1835 there was a revolution there that was very bloody, and many houses were destroyed, so that what you see now is mostly new."

The young explorers were surprised later on to be told that they had already entered the Para River.

Land was still visible on their lee, but the island of Marajo, to the north, was lost in the distance.

"The only change that I can see is in the color of the water," said Mark. "It was blue before; now it is a dirty brown."

"Down here you will see all colors of water," said Amos Strong. "The Amazon proper is brown in some localities and reddish-brown in others; the Rio Negro is absolutely black; and certain smaller streams in the interior are bluish, greenish, and yellowish. This varied coloring comes, of course, from the soil and from the minerals."

It was not until the next morning that they reached Para, which is built on a sandy strip of land, backed up by heavy brushwood and what was once a heavy tropical forest, but which has of late years been stripped of its best timber by the sawmills in that vicinity. The young explorers found the city well laid out and clean. Many of the houses were but one story high, and painted white, blue, drab, or yellow, and with red-tiled roofs.

"These houses put me in mind of those at Caracas, in Venezuela," said Frank. "Don't you remember the odd colorings?"

But not all the buildings were so small. Business

places were two and three stories high and modern in their construction. Many of these places were well stocked with goods of all descriptions, and business was fairly brisk, considering, as the professor said, that the rainy season was still at hand. There were the usual cathedral and public buildings, including a large public market, and also a handsome theater. The latter interested Jake very much.

"I do wish we could see a first-class show," he pleaded. "I don't care to go to the kind I used to talk about, but something that would be worth while."

"We will see what is offered, Jacob," answered the professor. He appreciated what a struggle the youth had had to keep himself from "breaking loose," and he was willing to do what he could to please all under his charge.

Once more the party bid good-by to Captain Barton, who was now going to sail to another port, and an hour later found them at the leading hotel of Para, located on one of the rises of ground back of the business portion of the town. Close at hand were many handsome villas belonging to the merchants and shipowners, many of whom could speak English, so that the boys felt quite at home.

There were numerous things to be purchased in Para before starting up the Amazon, and for several days all of the party were busy. During that time Amos Strong made his arrangements for the trip, taking passage on a steamer belonging to the Amazon Navigation Company. Seeing this, J. Langnack Green also took passage, first, however, making certain that he could return, if he wished, without setting foot on shore.

The young explorers found that sightseeing in the vicinity of Para was limited, for directly back of the city were located immense stretches of swamp land, where the undergrowth was a perfect tangle.

"I reckon this is a taste of what we'll get on the Amazon," said Frank. "Smell how green everything is!" And he drew in a long breath through his nose.

On Thursday evening they attended the theater, much to Jake's gratification. The play was a musical drama, given in German and Portuguese, by a company of foreign players. The boys did not understand what was said, but the singing was good, and the neat bits of comedy did not escape them, and they came away well content.

"I must say I liked it better than a vaudeville,"

admitted Jake. "That last chorus was simply great, and so was that part of the rich society fellow who thought he was drafted for the war and was afraid to go."

"Speaking of society fellows puts me in mind of Green," said Mark. "I can't understand why he is going up the Amazon."

"I guess he thinks it will be something big to talk about when he gets home," answered Frank—and struck the nail squarely on the head.

The vessel going up the Amazon was to leave Para on Tuesday morning, so the young explorers had still several days to spend in the town. They visited the market and looked with interest at the heaps of bananas, vegetables, and nuts displayed, and also the fish, fowls, and birds. The pineapples were delicious, and they ate one on the spot and came away munching on the juicy meat of an equally delicious cocoanut. They also tried the oranges, but found them not so good as the California fruit at home.

"There is a great deal in having things fresh," said the professor. "The pineapples we get at home are ripened off the tree and so are the bananas and plantains."

Sunday was spent quietly. They attended a short service at the English chapel in Para and spent several hours in writing long letters to the folks at home. Letters had also come in for them on the last steamer from New York, and these epistles were read with deep interest, not once, but several times. Luckily there was no bad news, which was a source of gratification.

CHAPTER XXIV

UP THE AMAZON AT LAST

"WHAT a truly tremendous river this is, Mark!"

It was Frank who spoke. He and his chum were standing on the main deck of the *Mura,* the steamer on which the whole party had taken passage two days before. On each side of them rolled the mighty waters of the Amazon, dark and muddy-looking even in that bright sunlight. For hours no land had been in sight, but now they made out a low patch of grass and brushwood to the northward, and soon a shore appeared, the line hidden among the reeds and rushes and backed up a mile further to the rear by tropical forests that appeared to have no end.

Since leaving Para the weather had been unusually fine for that season of the year, and the whole of the long days had been spent on deck, studying the objects of interest as they had presented themselves. They had passed numerous islands, where they had seen several villages of more or less im-

portance, and they had glided by one immense plain with many horses and cattle grazing thereon; and they had even shot at a flock of big birds with success, bringing down half a dozen. Down near the mouths of the great river they had watched a sailor harpoon a whale and had also seen the capture of a large shark, of which there are many in these waters.

And if they had been interested in what was passing they had also been interested in the passengers on the river steamer, which was bound for the city of Manáos, on the Rio Negro, six miles from where that stream flows into the Amazon. Manáos is one of the main cities of the Amazonian territory, with steamers that ply regularly to the coast and with others that connect with the upper Amazon and its tributaries.

"These folks must be regular inhabitants of the Amazonian district," said Darry. "They are not a bit like the folks at Rio. Many of them must have Indian blood in their veins," and in this surmise he was correct. But there were other passengers, too—American, English, French, German, and Spanish, a motley collection, from the rich investor to the poorest *peon* among the cattlemen.

"You are right, it is a tremendous river, Frank,"

said Mark. "And think of the length, four thousand miles!"

"I heard somebody say the length wasn't over three thousand miles. But even that is as far as from New York to San Francisco. But what takes my eye is the width. The width of our own mighty Mississippi is nothing alongside of it."

A little while after this the steamer came quite close to shore, so that they could see the brushwood and tangle of forest more plainly. The professor called the attention of the young explorers to the birds.

"Those are parrots," he said, pointing to a large flock that had taken wing across the stream. "There must be at least a hundred of them, and they are of several colors."

"What are those strange-looking birds on the sandy strip?" asked Sam.

"Those are toucans, Samuel, and you will find many varieties in this territory. Those birds that just came through the brushwood are hawks, and back a distance I saw several beautiful jacamars, which belong to the kingfishers."

"What other birds are along the Amazon?" asked Mark.

"Oh, an endless variety, Mark; eagles, hawks, owls, kites, chatterers, tanagers, toucans, parrots, humming-birds, woodpeckers, shrikes, orioles——"

"Well, well!" interrupted Mark. "What a lot!"

"I was poring over a zoölogy the other day and came across the statement that Brazil contained over a thousand varieties of birds, and that of these ninety per cent. inhabited the Amazon valley."

"If that's the case we shall not want for bird hunting," put in Frank. "But I shall have a big job trying to make a collection, shan't I?"

"What about the wild animals?" asked Darry. "Are they as numerous as the birds?"

"I believe the monkeys are, but that is all. The fiercest wild beast is the jaguar, the tiger of South America, and the ocelot, which, as you have already discovered, is a tiger-cat. In the depths of the forest you will also find the puma, the guara, or red wolf, and a fox somewhat like our own. There are also tapirs, and great herds of peccaries, as well as armadillos, ant-eaters, and sloths. Years ago there were many wild deer here, but they are gradually being thinned out by the hunters. There are also wild horses (I fancy everybody has heard of the wild

horses of the *pampas*), but I doubt if we see any of them. There are also wild hogs."

"And I reckon there are snakes," came from Jake.

"Yes, Jacob, big boa-constrictors, such as you met with in Venezuela, and also poisonous snakes, such as the rattlesnake and the jararaca,—but we will do our best to steer clear of them."

"I've been wondering how long it is since the Amazon was navigated by steamboats," said Frank. "I was reading a story book about Brazil before we left home, but that spoke of sailboats and canoes."

"I asked the captain of this vessel that question and he told me that the first steamer went up the river in 1853. It was sent out by the Amazon Navigation Company and ran from Para clear across Brazil to Nauta, in Peru. This opened the eyes of the people to the possibilities of a trade by steamers on the river, and before many years several lines of boats were plying between Para and other cities and towns, both in Brazil and in Peru, and additional steamers were put into service on the Tapajos, the Rio Negro, and other streams."

"We haven't seen very many steamers so far."

"That is because this is such a country of magnificent distances, Frank. On a river three to twenty

miles wide and three to four thousand miles long it would take a good many vessels to make any kind of a showing."

A little later they heard a loud shout from the forward deck and suddenly felt the *Mura* swing to one side of the river. Looking ahead they espied a large lumber raft coming down the stream. It was composed of thousands of sticks of timber, bound together with iron chains and grass ropes. On the raft were a number of Portuguese half-breeds, all smoking and doing what they could to keep their clumsy craft in the channel. In a few minutes the raft swept out of sight.

"That would be a dangerous thing to meet at night," remarked Sam. "It could easily smash this vessel into kindling wood."

"Such a raft as that is always tied up at sundown," answered Amos Strong. "Yet it would be equally bad to meet it in the daytime, if the channel happened to be a narrow one. But during the wet season the natives think there is plenty of room everywhere."

"I suppose they can bring down all sorts of wood in that manner," said Frank.

"To be sure, but they only bring down wood that

is most valuable—Brazilwood, rosewood, and the like. There is one peculiarity of a Brazilian forest which struck me when I was here before. With the exception of the palms hardly any sort of trees grow together, so if a lumberman here wants one kind of timber he must hunt up his trees wherever he can find them."

The run to Manáos was completed that night and they landed in the darkness. With them went J. Langnack Green, who, during the trip up the Amazon had had but little to say. Down at the wharves everything was bustle and excitement, for a steamer was leaving for Para and Rio, and a party of inhabitants had come to see several prominent officials off.

"Let us listen to the band!" cried Darry, and they remained on the dock listening to the musicians, twelve in number. They were of mixed Brazilian and Indian blood, but the playing was far from bad. On every side flags were waving, and the dock and the outgoing steamer were strewn with flowers.

"Manáos is not a large place," said Amos Strong, while they were settling down at the hotel. "But it is the capital of the State of Amazonas, and has a large trade in rubber. I thought we might stop off

here so that you could learn a little of that important industry."

"Oh, yes, I want to learn all about rubber!" cried Frank.

"Is this the place Mr. Beldon expected to come to?" asked Darry of Mark.

"He was coming to Manáos first, and after that he expected to push on somewhere into the interior," was the answer.

"Will he bring his charming daughters with him?" questioned J. Langnack Green eagerly.

"Perhaps."

"I hope we see them. This voyage has been horribly monotonous, don't you know."

"Oh, we enjoyed it," said Mark, and turned away.

"He'll make you introduce him to those girls, Mark," said Frank, when the two were out of hearing of the dude.

"Will he? It takes two to make a bargain," returned Mark grimly. "I'm not going to load them up with such a light-brained acquaintance as Green."

"But what if he insists upon it?"

"I'll not let him. But don't borrow trouble,—

those girls may not come at all, or they may come after we have left."

That evening another storm came up and the young explorers were glad that they were safe indoors and not yet in the mighty forest. The rain began to come down directly after they had had supper and the storm increased in violence until at ten o'clock the wind was blowing little short of a hurricane. There was a good deal of thunder and lightning, and the whole party collected in the large room that had been assigned to Mark, Frank, and Jake, for nobody thought of retiring.

"This won't be so pleasant for those on that river steamer," said Frank. "And they went off in such an hurrah, too!"

"Well, they are under cover the same as ourselves," said Mark. "But I presume navigation is bad when the rain comes down in such sheets as this."

"Yes, navigation is bad," answered Professor Strong. "And I have often heard of a captain tying up or anchoring until the downpour was over. And a storm like this makes sailing on the river bad for several days to come, for it is liable to wash away big trees from the river bank, and these go float-

ing down the stream with the fury of battering rams."

"Wonder what became of J. Langnack?" came from Jake. "He told me he didn't like thunderstorms at all."

"I saw him go to his room a few minutes ago," answered Frank. "He has got Number 6, just across the hallway, the corner apartment. He wanted a room fronting the street and he was quite angry when he couldn't get it."

"He will find in traveling around that he must be satisfied with what he can get," said Professor Strong. "Our rooms are not of the best, but still we can——"

The professor did not finish, for at that instant a blinding flash of lightning made all in the room leap up in alarm. The flash was followed immediately by a sharp crack of thunder, and then by another crash that seemed to shake the whole hotel.

"That struck pretty close by——" began Frank, when a yell from the other side of the hallway reached their ears.

"I'm killed! I'm killed!" came in the voice of J. Langnack Green. "The roof has fallen in! Somebody save me!"

CHAPTER XXV

ABOUT RUBBER AND RUBBER MAKING

"My gracious! Green is in trouble!" burst out Mark, who was the first of the boys to recover from the shock. "He says the roof is falling in on him!"

He leaped for the doorway, but Professor Strong was before him. Both ran outside, to find the hall dark, for a strong gust of wind had blown out the light. After them came the others, Jake clutching Darry's shoulder, for fear he would be left alone.

"Help!" continued J. Langnack Green. "Help, I say! Oh, this is beastly, don't you know!"

In spite of the seriousness of the situation Darry felt a strong inclination to laugh over the dude's wail of distress. Even Amos Strong had to smile to himself.

"He can't be so badly hurt," came from Mark. "If he was he couldn't yell like that."

They were at the door, trying to force it open. It was not locked, but it stuck at the top, showing that

something was holding it in place from the inside of the room. At last Amos Strong put his shoulder to the barrier and it came down with a crash, causing another yell of fright from the occupant of the apartment.

"I'm a dead man, I know I am!" cried J. Langnack. "I'll never get out of this alive! Oh, why did I ever come to this beastly country? Oh, this is really dreadful, don't you know!"

"Where are you?" demanded the professor, for the room was as dark as the hallway.

"Here, under the table. I can't move. I'm caught like a wild animal in a cage."

The professor and Mark took a step forward and came in contact with the end of a tree limb. It was soaked with rain, and rain was coming in through a hole in the corner of the roof and through a broken-out window.

"We must have a light here—we can do nothing in the dark," said Amos Strong, and he struck a match. With care he sheltered it from the wind, and espying the lamp, lit it, although not without difficulty. By this smoking and flaring affair they surveyed the scene before them, while many others in the hotel came running to the spot.

By this smoking and flaring affair they surveyed the scene before them. — *Page 254.*

It was seen that a large limb of a tree standing near the corner of the hotel had been split off by the lightning. The limb had ripped off a corner of the roof and a side branch had broken out the window. In coming down the limb had knocked J. Langnack Green under a small center table and now held him there. The dude had been scratched a little, but he was otherwise uninjured.

"I think we can raise the branch," said Amos Strong, after a brief glance at the situation. "Hold the light, Frank."

The youth did as bidden, and then the professor, Mark, and Jake took hold of the branch and lifted it a couple of feet.

"Now you can crawl out, Mr. Green," said Amos Strong.

"I—I can't, really!"

"Why not?"

"I am fast."

"Wait, his coat is caught on a nail!" cried Darry. He bent down to unloose the article. "Now you can get up."

Still groaning the dude crawled forth and slowly arose to his feet. As he came out the others allowed the branch to fall back as before. It caused one of

the table legs to give way with a crash. The dude leaped for the doorway in added alarm.

"The house is coming down!" he yelled, and bolted out into the hallway and down the stairs.

"Well, he's a nice chap to venture into the wilds of the Amazon," was Mark's comment, while several of the others laughed outright.

The proprietor of the hotel now took charge, and under his orders the tree limb was shoved from the building into the yard below. Then a patch of canvas was nailed over the hole and the broken-out window; and the excitement came to an end.

"But it was a narrow escape," was Frank's comment. "Being in that room was no fun for Green."

"Yes, but he is such a squealer," came from Darry, and in this the others agreed with him.

Down below J. Langnack Green was washing his scratches and binding them up in salve.

"Never had such a narrow escape in my life, don't you know," he said. "It was really awful! The limb came within an inch of taking my head off! I shall start for home to-morrow."

"Oh, you may not have a thing like that happen again in a lifetime," said an American who overheard him.

"I should hope not, sir. But I can't stay, I really can't! Why, my nerves are like a jelly, don't you know." And then the dude proceeded to the drinking saloon in connection with the hotel, to seek consolation there.

The storm continued the best part of the night, although the lightning and thunder ceased within two hours. After breakfast the young explorers saw what such a downpour on the Amazon and its tributaries meant. The Rio Negro was swollen greatly, and much of the river bank and some of the lower docks were several feet under water.

"During the rainy season these rivers are apt to swell enormously," said Amos Strong. "I have known the river to rise ten and twelve feet in a single night, and some of the streams lying between the valleys are reported to rise forty and fifty feet. Sometimes the villages in the valleys catch it so badly that not a house or hut is left standing."

Two days later the whole party took a small steamer plying up the Rio Negro to a settlement called Heraria. Here a large dealer in rubber had his establishment and to this man Professor Strong carried a letter of introduction from Jefferson Beldon.

"Want to find out what we are doing in rubber, eh?" said the dealer, whose name was Daniel Todd. "All right, I'll show you what I can. But you know we get very little rubber during the wet season. Ninety-five per cent. is tapped from the trees when it is dry."

They remained over night at the settlement, and in the morning Daniel Todd took them up on one of the branches of the river in a steam launch he possessed. Soon they reached an Indian village and beyond this came to a locality where he said over two hundred rubber trees had been tapped during the past four seasons.

"The rubber we get here is mostly from the real Para rubber tree," said the dealer. "I can't give you the scientific name, but perhaps the professor can."

"The genus is called *Hevea,* and was formerly called *Siphonia,*" answered Amos Strong. "I believe you get the best of your rubber from the trees and not from the plants."

"We used to get it entirely from the trees, but now we have to take what we can get," said Daniel Todd. "A good deal of real rubber is adulterated with the juice of the Macandaruba tree. That juice

is something like rubber, but when the manufacturers put it through certain processes it becomes more like gutta-percha."

They were soon in the midst of a rubber camp, and Daniel Todd pointed out several trees that had been tapped during the seasons past. They were fifty to seventy-five feet in height and grew in a clayey soil on a slope away from the river bank.

"Well, they are not such wonderful trees to look at," observed Frank, as he gazed upon the long and twisted branches.

"At Pernambuco they have the Pernambuco rubber tree, which looks something like our own weeping willow," said the professor, "and there are a dozen other varieties in other parts of South America."

"I suppose the trade is very large," came from Mark.

"We furnish the world with about one-third of all the rubber it uses," said the dealer.

"Well, the world uses a good deal," said Darry, with a laugh. "Just look at the rubber boots and overshoes we wear out!"

"I've heard it said that rubber is used by manufacturers for over three thousand purposes," put in

the professor. "Lately large quantities have been used for the insulation of electric wires and for tires for bicycles and automobiles. It has been used for centuries. The South American Indian children used to have bouncing balls of it, like our own hard rubber balls of to-day. The first use to which it was put in England and America was for erasing pencil marks."

Taking them to one of the trees, Daniel Todd showed them how the rubber gatherer went to work.

"With a very keen blade a cut is made horizontally and then another is made above this and leading to it," he said, showing them the scars. "Just below the cuts the gatherer fastens one of these little basins of clay that you see lying around. The cuts are made at nightfall and by morning the tree has given out its juice, which is usually good for from four to eight ounces of rubber. This juice is of a yellowish color and smells very strongly of ammonia."

The dealer picked up a small clay dish lying near and with a soft bit of clay showed how it could be fastened to the tree so that not a drop of juice, or milk, should be lost.

"The gatherers go around early in the morning and collect all the juice the trees have yielded," he

went on. "This juice is then placed in larger basins, or pans. In the old days the natives used to let it harden by evaporation, which it will do in a manner similar to milk turning sour and thick. But now rubber is hardened by being placed over a fire."

Not far from the tree was a spot used for the last-named process of hardening the rubber cakes, and Daniel Todd led them to this.

"The fires are started in a row here," he said. "For that purpose we use large pots and in them place palm nuts, usually the *auricuri,* which give off a heavy oily smoke. The rubber is then turned around and around in this oily smoke until it grows as hard as desired. Just before it is hardened it is placed in molds made according to the forms desired. This process gives us pure Para rubber, or caoutchouc, the finest in the world."

"Is this the way rubber is made everywhere?" asked Jake.

"Oh, no," answered the professor. "In some places the trees, or bushes, are cut down and the juice is drained in a hole in the ground and left to evaporate in the sun, and in other places, like the island of Java, the rubber is allowed to run from a cut in the tree and dry as it runs, in long uneven

strips, like the drippings of a tallow candle. But none of these other sorts of rubber is equal to that produced in this region."

After this they walked around the plant and the owner showed them the various molds used for forming the rubber, and also showed them how the product was packed up for transportation to Para, and for shipment to the United States and other countries.

"It's a wonderful industry," was Frank's comment. "Who would think of all this work, away out here in the wilderness, when using a cent eraser or a five-cent rubber bouncing ball!"

"It shows what one portion of the world is doing for the other portion," answered Sam. "They ship us rubber, and we ship them dry-goods, boots and shoes, plantation machinery, and lots of other things."

"Yes, but the queerest thing I saw was in Para," said the professor. "If you'll remember, I bought a new pair of rubber hunting boots there. The boots were made in Connecticut and were stamped: 'Warranted Para Rubber.' That rubber traveled thousands of miles in order to be worked up into proper shape for use."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE LAND OF THE GREAT FOREST

When the party returned to Manáos they found J. Langnack Green in a state of great excitement. He had been down to the river front, trying to stop the sailing of a steamer bound up the Amazon, but nobody had understood him or paid much attention to him, and now he had returned to the hotel filled with disgust.

"It was the most remarkable thing ever happened to me, don't you know," said the dude, in trying to explain matters. "Here I have been in this city for several days, and you have been here, too, and yet neither of us have seen that swindler, Dan Markel, *alias* James Haverlock."

"Markel!" exclaimed several of the young explorers in chorus.

"Do you mean to say Markel is in this town?" demanded Mark.

"He is—or rather he was. Oh, it's a beastly shame!"

"Was—what do you mean, Green?"

"I was walking down the street to-day when I saw this Markel, or Haverlock, or whatever his name is, on the other side, in a drinking shop. He saw me at the same time, and I really guess both of us were awfully astonished. Then I started to talk to him, and he ran through a side door and down an alleyway. I tried to catch him, but it was no use, don't you know—he can run like a deer."

"But you said something about going down to the river to stop a boat," put in Frank.

"So I did. Well, after I couldn't catch the fellow I went back to the drinking place. I found a man who could speak English and from him I learned, through the chap who kept the shop, that Markel was booked for the steamer going up the river—the *Republica* I think they call her, don't you know. It was horribly hot, but I ran all the way to the docks to stop the steamer and have this swindler arrested. But I was too late."

"Then you didn't catch him?" came from Jake.

J. Langnack Green shook his head. "Nobody would listen to me and soon the steamer was out of hearing. And, think of it—I wilted my best high

collar in that run, too! Oh, it was beastly!" And the dude dropped into a chair and began to fan himself.

"It certainly was too bad," said Professor Strong, who had listened with as much interest as anybody. "Did you find out to what place the *Republica* was bound?"

"I did not."

"I think I can find out from the newspapers," said the professor.

In the smoking and reading room of the hotel he found several Brazilian newspapers, including the *Gazeta,* of Para, the *Diario da Bahia,* of Bahia, and the *Jornal do Commercio,* of Rio. From these sheets he learned that the *Republica* had come in from Rio and was now bound for Teffé and Santo Antonio, two hundred and four hundred miles away, by the river route.

"I'm afraid you have seen the last of him," said Amos Strong. "That is, unless you care to follow him up."

"Can I do that?" questioned J. Langnack Green anxiously.

"Why, certainly. There will be another steamer along in a day or two."

"Then I shall follow, don't you know. But it's a beastly shame that the rascal got away."

"Was he alone?" questioned Frank.

"I don't think he was, but I am not sure."

Amos Strong had already secured accommodations on the next steamer bound for Teffé. From that point the party were to go up the river a short distance in an Indian canoe, taking provisions with them for a stay along the Amazon for several weeks.

The prospect ahead was a most delightful one to all the young explorers, and even Jake's face wore a happy smile as he prepared for the trip. All remembered the fun of the hunting trip on the Orinoco, and the perils and privations were forgotten.

When the steamer came along they were all ready for the trip. The stop at Manáos was not long, and in less than an hour the boat had dropped down the Rio Negro to the Amazon and was plowing her way up that father of waters. J. Langnack Green had also secured passage on the steamer and did his best, as in the past, to make himself at home with the others. They could not help but feel sorry for the loss he had suffered, and they all hoped that he would manage to bring Dan Markel to justice.

"I'll certainly help him to capture Markel if I

can," said Frank, and the other youths said the same.

The trip to Teffé was largely a repetition of the journey to Manáos, excepting that in certain places the river was much narrower than heretofore. At certain spots the banks were covered with rough walls of stone, and here the rapids would boil and foam in a manner that looked decidedly dangerous. Often they would pass islands covered with rank vegetation, and floating brushwood became common. Where the tropical forest came down to the river bank the growth was so thick that little could be seen fifteen feet back from the water. The majority of the trees were of immense size, with heavy vines trailing and climbing in all directions. This forest was literally alive with monkeys and parrots, and the shrill cries of the one and the screeching of the other often kept them awake for hours at night. One day a band of howling monkeys followed the steamer for over two miles, making the air fairly hideous with their noises. At another time Mark caught sight of some wild animal that had come down to drink, but before anybody could take a shot the animal disappeared whence it had come.

"This is a jungle and no mistake," said Darry.

"That on the Orinoco was bad enough, but this is worse."

"We must take care that we don't become lost," said Mark. "We might not be so lucky as we were then."

They found Teffé but a small town, given over to a variety of trade, including cattle, hides, tallow, rubber, tobacco, and medical herbs. A large quantity of sarsaparilla root was also shipped from the place, and here the young explorers got the best drink of sarsaparilla they had ever tasted.

"This is the genuine article, no question about that," said Frank, as he smacked his lips. "It's a pleasure to drink something that one knows isn't doctored up."

In Teffé they experienced their first discomfort from flies. These flies come down from the *llanos,* or *pampas,* to the north in great numbers and they are of the variety that find something to bite at as soon as they alight.

"Great Cæsar!" exclaimed Darry, after fighting the pests for half an hour. "Talk about our mosquitoes! If these aren't worse then I don't know what I'm saying."

"They are certainly vicious little things," re-

turned Sam. "They seem to be wonderfully hungry."

"I will give you an oil that you can rub on your faces and hands," said the professor. "That will not keep them away altogether, but it will help a good deal." And after they had used the oil several times they found that the flies hardly bothered them at all.

As soon as they landed at Teffé, J. Langnack Green made inquiries concerning Dan Markel. He found that the man from Baltimore had been in the town and then taken a small boat for a village called Bolozo. With Markel had been several Brazilians. The party seemed to be on business, but what that business was nobody appeared to know.

"I don't believe it's anything legitimate," said Mark. "Perhaps Markel knows he is being followed and is trying to escape from the clutches of the law."

At Teffé arrangements were made to continue the journey by canoe, as previously mentioned. Several Indians were found who were willing to accompany Professor Strong and his charges for a reasonable sum, and the professor learned from the principal merchant in the town that all of the red

men were thoroughly reliable. The canoe was stocked with all the necessary provisions and loaded with the outfit belonging to the explorers.

"I'm sorry to part with you, don't you know," said J. Langnack Green. "But I am going to stay at Teffé for awhile and see if I can't catch that Markel. If I can't I'm going home. I've had enough of this beastly country anyway. I wouldn't live down here for a million dollars."

"We'll keep our eyes open for Markel, too," said Mark. "And if we hear anything of him we'll send word to Teffé, Manáos, and to Para, so you'll be sure to hear from us one way or another."

The canoe they had selected was an affair twenty-odd feet in length and of corresponding width and depth. It was built of several kinds of wood, for the inhabitants of the Amazonian territory rarely use one kind of wood alone for building anything, the trees being so much mixed up, as already described. The canoe had three seats, and in the rear was a small shelter, to keep out the sun and the rain.

The Indians were peaceful-looking fellows, not very large and not over clean, but much cleaner than the majority of their tribe.

The leader was named Owl Head, because of a

strange manner of blinking his eyes when speaking, and the others were called Wild Horse, The Monkey, and Flatfoot—why, none of the young explorers ever learned. The names sound odd in English, but in the Indian tongue they were all musical. Owl Head was an expert canoe man, and they soon learned that Flatfoot was one of the best Indian cooks to be found. Both of these could speak a few words of English, but the others spoke nothing but their native dialect.

It was a clear day when the start was made from Teffé, and J. Langnack Green came to the river front to see them off. With it all they were sorry, at the last moment, to part with the dude, and all shouted back that they hoped to meet him again.

"Ye-as, perhaps we'll meet in New York, don't you know," he drawled. "I shan't stay in this beastly country much longer. The climate and the people are simply dreadful. I haven't seen a fashionably dressed person since I came up here, really I haven't, don't you know." And that was the last they saw or heard of him for some time to come.

"He means well," was Frank's comment. "But his head is about as empty as a hollow cocoanut."

The first day on the canoe was one full of interest

to the boys. They took their ease on the seats while the Indians bent to the paddles and sent the craft swiftly along, first on one side of the river and then on the other, as the current seemed to favor the boat. Often they would pass under the sweeping branches of great trees, where the leaves and trailing vines would brush their heads, and then they would pick their way among islands filled with tall *llano* grass and thorny brushwood. Toward evening they came to a rocky curve in the river and here passed some rapids that looked far more dangerous than they would have if our friends had been on the high deck of a steamer.

"To-night we'll get our first taste of camping out," said the professor. "We could push on to a village, but I presume you would prefer——"

"To be sure, let us camp out by all means!" cried Darry.

"I've been just aching for it," came from Frank, and this caused a laugh.

Directions were given to Owl Head, and a little later they ran up a creek flowing into the river. Here was a sandy beach backed up by the gigantic forest, and here they made preparations to spend the night.

CHAPTER XXVII

TRUMPETERS, AND SOME MONKEYS

It did not take the young explorers and the others long to get their camping spot for the night in proper order. As it was warm and promised to remain dry they did not erect a regular tent, but simply tied a square of canvas up between the trees, to keep whatever might be above from dropping on their heads. Firewood was to be had in plenty, and soon a cheerful blaze helped to dispel the gloom that came upon them the moment the sun went down, for, as told before, night in the tropics invariably comes on without warning. The sun sinks below the horizon and in a few minutes all is as dark as at midnight.

During the brief journey up the creek the professor had thrown out a hook and some bait and had caught what the Indians called a *johoka,* a fish not unlike a pickerel, but with a shorter tail. He also landed, a little later, another, called a *polomurak,*

which was large and flat, with eyes of a soft blue color. Both were declared to be excellent eating, and Flatfoot lost no time in preparing them for supper.

"The rivers of Brazil abound in fish," said Amos Strong, while they were eating a meal of fish, beans, and crackers. "One naturalist says that over five hundred varieties exist in the Amazon alone, and that the Rio Negro and the Tapajos contain over a hundred others."

"If that's the case we shan't starve for the want of fish," laughed Frank.

"And we shall not want for sport," put in Jake. "I must say I like fishing almost as well as hunting."

"The rivers are also full of turtles," went on the professor. "Sooner or later we must get the Indians to bring one of them in. They are experts at turtle catching."

It was noticed that the Indians ate but little of the fish and crackers and none of the beans. For their own use they had brought along a bag of farina and this seemed to satisfy them more than did anything else.

"An Amazonian Indian can live for days upon nothing but farina," remarked Amos Strong. "It

is made from cassava meal, and is somewhat different from what we know as farina at home."

"It's odd that the natives should live so plainly," came from Sam. "The poor Brazilians live on bananas, and the Indians you say live on farina. Why don't they make the most of all the fruits and vegetables and animals they have?"

"That is hard to answer, Samuel. I presume the heat has a good deal to do with it. That makes the people lazy and they take what is easiest to get. Besides, they find bananas and farina very healthy. Of course, they eat a good deal of fruit, in season, but in a hot country the body does not require much meat for nourishment."

On landing they had not seen any monkeys in that vicinity, but while they were talking after supper several of the simians showed themselves. Parkie was sitting on Frank's shoulder at the time and he uttered a cheep of pleasure.

"Hullo, Parkie, have you found some old friends?" queried Frank.

"I suppose he is lonely at times," came from Sam. "Wonder what he would do if you let him go?"

Sam had scarcely spoken when Parkie leaped to

the ground, ran across the opening, and mounted the tree upon which the strange monkeys sat.

"Good-by to that monk!" cried Darry. "Frank, he has deserted you."

"I don't believe he has," answered Frank.

All watched the monkeys with interest. There was a wild chattering and the strangers gathered around Parkie and examined the collar he wore. Then of a sudden a big monkey made as if to bite Frank's pet. There was a piercing shriek and Parkie came down the tree in double-quick order, ran to Frank, and snuggled up in his lap.

"He hasn't deserted me after all," said Frank.

"He had to run for his life," put in Mark. "Those other monkeys were not as friendly as he supposed they would be."

"Wild animals of all kinds rarely make friends with those that have been in captivity," remarked Professor Strong. "I have that from a man who for years was in the business of supplying wild animals to circuses and zoölogical gardens. He said that sometimes animals caught in Africa got away after being penned up for several months. Afterward they were usually found killed by their former mates."

As it had been decided to continue the journey early in the morning the party did not remain up late. Before nine o'clock the fire was fixed for the night, the strange monkeys departed after a firebrand was hurled at them, and then all became quiet.

Darry was the first to stir at daybreak. He found Flatfoot already preparing the morning meal. With their bows and arrows the Indians had brought down over a dozen birds, and these were cooked to a nicety over the blaze. There was also a pot of hot coffee and some meal cakes baked on a hot stone, and to this spread the young explorers did full justice.

Darry and Frank were anxious to try their hands at paddling, and after the main river was again reached they did so. But they soon found that paddling such a craft as they now occupied and a light canoe at home were entirely different things, and they gladly gave up the task after pushing the canoe along for about a mile.

"It's not so easy as it looks," said the professor. "I have tried it myself. These Indians are used to it and can do it far better than anybody else."

They kept on the river until almost noon. By

that time the heat was so intense they were glad enough to seek the bank and lie down in the coolest spot they could find. But the professor would not let them remain on the ground long, and made them sling their hammocks, in which they took a nap lasting until the middle of the afternoon. Then on they went again, after a lunch, and did not stop until the Indians paddled in to shore of their own accord.

"Hard place up dare," said Owl Head, pointing up the river. "To-morrow we carry canoe 'round—dat better dan stay in water."

"He means that there are dangerous rapids ahead," explained the professor. "We'll go around by way of the portage. A steamer can go through and so can a canoe, but I imagine he doesn't want to risk it with us and our outfit."

As it still wanted two hours to sundown it was decided by the professor and the boys to go out on a short hunting trip.

"We can get a few birds, if nothing else," said Amos Strong. "And it will give all of you a little practice in shooting."

"I saw some tall, wading birds up the river a bit," said Frank. "Why not go after them?"

The others were willing, and leaving the Indians

to put the camp into shape for the night, they set out, each with a gun or a rifle, as best pleased him. The professor also carried his pistol and a long hunting knife.

"A knife is always useful to a hunter," he said. "None of you should be without one if you go out alone. Many a hunter has saved his life with his knife, after his firearm has failed him."

The portage path along the Amazon had been used by the Indians and negroes for years and was well defined. They moved along as silently as possible, so as not to disturb the birds Frank had discovered, should they still be in that vicinity.

They had almost reached the river bank at a point where the rapids were located when Sam called the attention of the others to some birds sitting on a bush to their left. They were tanagers, of scarlet and black.

"How beautiful!" whispered the boy from Boston.

"They certainly are," answered Amos Strong. "But we had better not bring any down. The shot will scare off larger game."

"I wasn't going to fire on them. They are too beautiful to shoot."

The river soon came into sight again, and here, on some flat rocks, they saw the birds Frank had noticed. They were golden-breasted trumpeters, about the size of turkeys, but with long, thin legs. The feathers of the head and neck were soft and fine, and over the breast the color was of a beautiful golden green.

The trumpeters were nine in number, scattered over a distance of several yards. They appeared to be looking across the river, and suddenly several of them gave a call that was not unlike the sound of a brazen trumpet.

"No wonder they are called trumpeters," whispered Mark.

They were soon in a position to fire, and at word from the professor all blazed away. As a result four were laid low and another seriously wounded. The others immediately took to their legs and disappeared into the forest. The wounded trumpeter flapped around and fell into the water, but Sam soon brought it in and dispatched it.

"The trumpeters used to be quite common on the Amazon, and in fact all over tropical America. But they are being thinned out rapidly," said the professor, while the youths were examining the prizes.

"There is another bird here very similar to it, called the cariama, which is often caught and domesticated by the Brazilians and fattened for food just as we fatten chickens and turkeys. The meat of both the trumpeter and the cariama is very much like the meat of a wild turkey."

With the trumpeters slung over their shoulders they started to retrace their steps to where they had left the Indians. But now a band of howling monkeys advanced upon them, filling the air with noises that were simply maddening.

"The gun-shots woke them up," said Amos Strong. "We may have some little trouble in getting rid of them."

One of the monkeys hung from a vine directly in front of Jake. The simian was making more noise than any of his followers, and in a sudden rage the youth caught up a stick lying near and hurled it at his tormentor. He struck the monkey on the head and a howl of pain arose, while the monkey disappeared among some tree branches.

"You shouldn't have done that, Jacob," said Professor Strong.

"Why not? The little brute deserved it. His noise was enough to make one's head ache."

"But he will retaliate, and so will his companions."

"How, I'd like to know?"

The question was answered by the monkeys themselves. All had retreated when Jake threw the stick, but now they came again to the front and hurled sticks and nuts at the party below. It was a perfect fusillade, and although they tried to dodge nearly every one was struck, although not seriously.

"Sure enough, the little rascals are after us now!" ejaculated Frank. "I guess they mean business, too!"

"They are going to continue the battle," came from Sam. "Look out!"

He had scarcely spoken when there came another shower of nuts and sticks. This time Darry got a nut directly in his left ear, and Jake was cut over the eye by a pointed stick.

"We'll have to run for it," cried the wounded youth.

"It's your fault——" began Darry; when Frank put a hand over his mouth.

"Don't blame Jake," he whispered. "He didn't know."

Jake cast a scowl at Darry.

"Oh, yes, of course it's my fault!" he snarled. "Everything is my fault!" And then he turned his back on the pair.

"I'll have to give them a shot," said Amos Strong, and blazed into the trees with a double-barreled shot-gun. He did not aim particularly at the monkeys, but the noise and the flash of fire had its effect, and away went the simians, chattering wildly, and presently the sound was lost in the distance.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WHAT WAS FOUND AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE

"JAKE doesn't feel very good over what you said," remarked Sam to Darry, as the two returned to camp behind the rest of the party.

"Well, it was his fault," retorted Darry, whose ear still stung from the blow received. "If he hadn't thrown that stick in the first place——"

"Oh, I know, Darry, but you should be more forbearing. Jake is trying to control a nasty temper, and——"

"It's easy enough to talk, Beans; it wasn't you got hit in the ear."

"I got hit on the neck though—and I didn't say a word about it."

Jake could not hear all that was said. But he was sure the two boys were talking about him and it made him very bitter. He had been feeling sour all day, for no particular reason, and this happening seemed to cap the climax.

"It's no use in trying," he said to himself. "I can't get along with them. At the least thing they are against me. We simply can't agree, and that is all there is to it."

Even the bringing down of the golden-breasted trumpeters did not make Jake feel happier. He felt sure that his shot had brought down one of the prizes, but he could not prove it, for all had discharged their weapons at the same time.

It was rather a silent party that gathered around the camp-fire that night. They ate two of the birds and the others were dressed for use the next day. The professor and Sam tried to be cheerful, but it was more or less of a failure.

If Jake felt bad, Darry did the same, and as he lay quiet trying to get to sleep the fun-loving youth could not help but reach the conclusion that he had been to blame. At first he tried to reason himself out of this, but could not, and sleeping became more and more impossible the harder he sought to woo slumber.

"I wonder if Jake is awake yet?" he asked himself, after an hour had past. He turned over in his hammock under the canvas. The lank youth's resting place was not far away, and in a moment more

Darry was on the ground and tiptoeing his way in that direction. He touched Jake on the shoulder.

"What do you want?" was the half-whispered question, and the tone proved that the other had been no more asleep than himself.

"Jake," whispered Darry in return, "I'm sorry I spoke that way to you. I didn't——"

"Don't say another word, Darry," was the hasty response. "I was a fool to snap you up. I was just thinking it over as I lay here, and I was going to speak to you about it in the morning. It's that ugly temper of mine. It gets as sour as a—a lemon sometimes, and I can't change it no matter how hard I try."

"Oh, but you have changed it a good deal, Jake—you know you have."

"Sometimes I think that way. But then I fly off——" The tall youth drew a long sigh.

"Oh, we all fly off at times," answered Darry, and then, as he saw two of the others turn over uneasily, as if on the point of waking up, he gave Jake's hand a tight squeeze. "Good-night," he whispered.

"Good-night," was the low answer. "I'm awfully glad you came."

And after that it was not long before both of the boys followed the others to dreamland.

Early in the morning they were awakened by a flock of parrots that alighted close to the camp. The noise made by these birds was so disagreeable that all jumped up simultaneously.

"My stars! what a racket!" cried Frank. "They must be holding an indignation meeting."

The Indians went out, and with their bows and arrows brought down about a dozen of the birds. The other parrots flew away; and that was the end of the noise.

"Will they eat the parrots?" questioned Mark curiously, as he watched the birds being skinned.

"I hardly think so, although some Indians like parrots very much," answered the professor. "They will keep the feathers and sell them to some trader for tobacco or liquor," and this was what the red men did, later on.

That day they passed an Indian village on the river bank. The place contained a score of dirty tepees and huts, and fully twice that number of lazy men, women, and children came out to greet the newcomers. All were scantily clad, the children especially so, and all looked very much neglected.

"We won't stop," said Amos Strong to Owl Head.

"Wild Horse lib here," was the answer. "Wild Horse want to go ashore, see fam'bly. He come after us to-night."

"All right, he can go," said the professor, and they ran in close enough for the Indian mentioned to leap to land. Then the canoe went on and the village was soon lost to sight around a bend.

"A village like that is alive with vermin," said the professor later. "I am surprised that such a decent-looking fellow as Wild Horse should live there."

"Wild Horse best man dare," said Owl Head. "Him big chief, but him no care for dat, no—Wild Horse like Owl Head's people better."

"Is your village near here?"

"No, Owl Head's village far, far away—dat way," he pointed up the mighty river. "Owl Head like to work for white people—make money. No money to make by de Indians, no!" And the manner in which this was said caused a general laugh.

They were now getting deeper and deeper into the wilderness. At one point they passed great walls of rocks and at another a wide stretch of *pampas*.

Here they caught their first sight of wild horses, but the animals were a long way off, and as soon as they sighted the canoe they took to their hoofs with a rapidity that was astonishing.

"They'd make regular racehorses, wouldn't they?" remarked Sam.

"Oh, but wouldn't I like to ride one once," sighed Darry.

The trees on each side of the river were enormous, and the hanging vines in some localities hung like a veritable network. On the ground were ferns and palms of huge size, with strange mosses and toadstools. Here and there they saw large ant-hills and holes dug by various wild animals, and once the professor pointed out a number of swinging nests, the homes of one variety of orioles of the vicinity.

They were just about to land that evening when Owl Head called the professor's attention to three animals that were resting on the river bank in the midst of some tree roots.

"*Pikeko!*" said the Indian, and patted his stomach. "*Pikeko,* good for Indian."

"They are capybaras," said Amos Strong to the boys. "Let us see if we can get a shot at them."

"Shall we go ashore?" asked Mark.

"No; the capybara is a good swimmer and an excellent diver; in fact, he can almost live in the water if he desires. We'll bring up the canoe as silently as we can and try our luck from here. Get your guns ready."

The weapons were taken up and examined, and the professor gave the Indians the necessary directions. The paddles were used without a sound, and the young explorers and the others did what they could to keep out of sight of their intended game.

As the canoe drew closer the boys made out the capybaras with greater distinctness. Each was of a blackish-gray color, tinged with yellow, and was about three feet long. The head was blunt, with eyes set far back near a pair of short ears, and the legs were those of some giant rat. The animal was covered with coarse hair and had no tail worth mentioning. When one of them stood up the boys saw that the body was round and full, fairly touching the ground.

"All ready, boys?" asked the professor in a low tone.

They replied in the affirmative, and he told each which to shoot at, and then gave the order to fire. There was a scattering volley and two of the capy-

baras leaped into the air and then fell back dead. The third was evidently wounded, but managed to reach the river and promptly dove out of sight.

"Hurrah! we have two!" cried Mark.

"Wonder if we can't get that third," came from Sam.

"We can try, but I doubt it," returned the professor. "Their toes are webbed, and they can remain under water for five minutes or more at a time."

The canoe was pulled up the stream a short distance and all kept a close watch for the capybara. But the animal did not reappear, and presently Amos Strong gave orders to pull ashore.

"Are they good to eat?" asked Mark.

"The Indians think them delicious," answered the professor. "But only a few Brazilians touch them. The meat is something like pork, but stronger and more greasy."

That night the Indians prepared some of the capybara meat for eating, and the boys watched the process with considerable curiosity. The meat was cut up into long strips, and a large part of the fat was cut out with a sharp knife. The fat was put on the fire to burn, and the meat, after being rubbed

with farina, was broiled in the midst of the dense smoke that arose. The liver of the animal was rolled up in a coating of clay, and this was placed under the fire on a stone to bake.

"The smell of that is enough to make one sick," said Darry, holding his nose. "I don't think I want to sample the meat." And the others agreed with him.

When Wild Horse came to camp, which he did in the midst of the Indians' feast, he had news that interested the young explorers not a little. A party of white people had stopped at the village the day before, including an American and several Portuguese. They had been in a steam launch.

"Wild Horse say white *Americano* drop dis," said Owl Head, and produced a little bundle of papers held together by a strong rubber band. "Want to know how much cash him worth."

"So they are out for a reward," said Amos Strong with a smile. "Perhaps the papers are valuable and perhaps they are worth nothing. We will look them over."

The roll was taken to the camp-fire and the rubber band slipped off. The professor perused the documents with the others looking over his shoulders.

"This is certainly remarkable!" he cried. "Boys, can you imagine who dropped these papers?"

"I see the name of James Haverlock on that paper," came from Mark.

"Why, that is the assumed name Dan Markel used!" cried Darry.

"Can he be up here?" put in Jake. "But why not? He was traveling in this direction the last time we heard of him."

"That isn't the most wonderful part of it," continued Amos Strong. "There is another name mentioned here that surprises me also. It is that of Barnabe Costavo——"

"Costavo!" burst from several of the others.

"He is the fellow who was going to make so much trouble for us at Rio and then didn't turn up," said Sam.

"Can it be possible that Markel and Costavo are in some sort of a partnership out here?" questioned Mark.

"I think they are. These papers relate to a large tract of land located not many miles from where we are resting. The tract is said to contain many rubber trees, and has on it a plant for manufacturing crude rubber—a plant put up years ago by English

capitalists. By this paper it would seem that the plant is now owned by Barnabe Costavo and several other Brazilians or Portuguese. Perhaps Markel is going to buy an interest in the plant."

"With Green's money," said Darry. "If that's the case we ought to stop him."

"Wait, here is another paper I missed," said the professor. "Perhaps this will throw more light on the mystery." And he began to peruse the sheet as rapidly as the flickering light of the camp-fire allowed.

CHAPTER XXIX

STRANGE VISITORS AT MIDNIGHT

THE last sheet Amos Strong had picked up was a memorandum written in Portuguese, which, as many of my young readers perhaps know, is a sister language to Spanish. The professor understood Spanish fairly well, but the reading of the Portuguese was difficult for him, consequently it took him some time to master the contents of the paper.

"Well, what do you make of it, professor?" asked Mark impatiently.

"Here are a few statements and figures concerning the rubber plant," was the slow reply. "The paper speaks of the reduction factory, the tools, a dock on the river, some boats, and other things, amounting to about thirty thousand dollars in our money. There is also—— Hullo, this is new!"

He had turned the paper over and was now trying

to decipher some lines written in lead pencil. "Mark, here is something that will interest you. The name of Jefferson Beldon is here."

"The planter from Olinda?"

"Yes, and from what is said I should imagine that Costavo & Company are going to try to sell the rubber plant to Mr. Beldon."

"Well, Mr. Beldon had better keep his eyes open or he'll get stuck," came bluntly from Frank. "I wouldn't trust that Portuguese."

"Especially if he and Dan Markel are in partnership," put in Sam.

"If they are going to try to sell the plant to Mr. Beldon I suppose that gentleman will soon be up in this vicinity," said Jake. "Do you think he'll bring his family with him?"

"Perhaps," answered Mark. "If they come, I hope they don't fall in with Markel," he added.

"Somebody will be put out when he learns these papers are missing," remarked Frank.

"And that somebody will be more put out when it is learned that we have them," came from Darry, with a grin.

All the while this talk was in progress Wild Horse was watching them anxiously.

"Wild Horse want to know if dem worth much," said Owl Head, at last.

"I don't know," answered Professor Strong.

"Offer him five dollars for 'em," came from Mark. "Perhaps they'll be worth more to Costavo,—or Mr. Beldon."

The offer was made and promptly accepted, and then Amos Strong put the documents in one of his boxes for safe keeping.

"How far is that rubber plant from here?" questioned Mark later on.

"I cannot say exactly, Mark; probably twenty-five or thirty miles."

"Don't you think it would be a good plan to move to that neighborhood?"

"Yes, we can start to-morrow."

The night proved an unusually hot one, and the young explorers were glad to swing their hammocks where they could get some of the breeze that was blowing over the river. Mark had his resting place almost over the water and Sam was but a few feet away. The others were in a group some yards off. The Indians remained near the camp-fire.

During the day the fierce heat of the sun had given Mark a headache and his head still pained

him when he retired. He dropped into a troubled doze only to awaken an hour or so later with a head that hurt him worse than ever.

"Gracious! I haven't had such a headache since I left home!" he muttered to himself as he brushed his forehead. "This is simply awful. It must have been the glare of the sun on the water that did it."

He lay there suffering for several minutes and then decided to get a towel, wet it in the stream, and tie that over his throbbing temples. He slipped out of his hammock without making any noise. A towel hung on a bush near the fire drying, and he walked slowly toward this.

He was yet a dozen feet from the bush when something caught his eye and brought him to a halt. In the midst of the twigs he had seen a pair of eyes glaring intently at the fire.

"A wild animal!" was his thought, and a second look proved the truth of this. A beast of some sort was there, gazing at the fire and the sleeping Indians around it. The beast did not appear to notice him and he lost no time in slipping behind a tree and out of sight.

"That animal is going to attack us," he told him-

self, and was on the point of setting up a shout of alarm. But he checked himself and reached for his rifle instead. Why not lay the beast low? It would be a great feather in his cap to do it.

All thoughts of his headache were now gone—indeed, the shock of his discovery seemed to make the ache cease entirely. Rifle in hand he stole forward once more. The glaring eyes were still there, but the beast was drawing further back into the brushwood.

Crack! the sharp report of the firearm caused everybody in the camp to leap up in alarm. Mark had taken hasty aim and fired. There was a snarl of rage from the brushwood and then the beast disappeared.

"What is it, Mark?" demanded the professor, as he caught up his gun.

"I don't know—some sort of an animal. It's over in yonder bushes."

By this time the others had their firearms, and the Indians had caught up their bows and arrows and their clubs. All wanted to know what was wrong.

"Wild beast smell the capybara," said Owl Head. "Smell blood long way," and he pointed

to where one of the animals had been hung up in a near-by tree.

"Did you hit the animal?" asked Frank.

"I think I did," answered Mark. "Anyway, it let out a snarl right after I fired."

"Then you didn't kill it," said Jake uneasily. "Maybe it will come back."

The Indians were stirring up the fire. From this Amos Strong selected a brightly burning brand and made a search of the brushwood, the young explorers following him. With the crowd went Owl Head, who examined the ground with great interest. Presently the Indian found some fresh animal tracks and he called The Monkey over to him to investigate.

"The Monkey know all feet," he explained. "Know feet in dirt, too."

The Indian mentioned took a fire-brand and bent down with his nose almost on the ground. Half a dozen footprints were examined and The Monkey even smelt of some of them. Then he arose and nodded his head to Owl Head.

"*Juarora knuori poka,*" said The Monkey.

"All right," murmured Frank. "I'm glad you told us."

"The Monkey say him jaguar," said Owl Head. "Him hurt in back foot too."

"A jaguar!" exclaimed Sam. "Why that is the worst beast down here, isn't it?"

"It is, Samuel," replied the professor gravely. "The jaguar, or onça as some call it, is really an American tiger, although it is spotted and has some of the characteristics of a leopard. It is almost as large as a tiger and probably as strong. It has been known to attack and carry off a small horse, and it readily attacks any other beast found in the jungle."

"Will that jaguar come back, do you think?" questioned Darry.

"There is no telling. It was probably attracted, as the Indians say, by the smell of the capybara blood, for it is very fond of capybara meat. Unless Mark wounded it pretty severely we may see more of it before morning."

"Then I'm not going to sleep again," said Jake, and gave something of a shiver.

"One or two of us can stand guard. There is no use in all of us remaining awake."

The matter was talked over, and it was agreed that one white person and one Indian should remain

on duty at a time, the guards to be changed every two hours. This was to be the set rule for every night in the future.

After the excitement was over Mark found his headache returning. The professor gave him some powders for it, however, and these soon put him to sleep.

The professor and The Monkey were the first to remain on guard. Nothing came to disturb them, and at the proper time they were relieved by Sam and Flatfoot.

"Don't run any risks," said the professor to the youth from Boston, before turning in again. "If you notice anything unusual give the alarm at once."

"I will, sir," answered Sam.

It must be confessed that Sam felt exceedingly sleepy, and after the camp had quieted down once more it was all he could do to keep awake.

"I'll have to walk around; that is all there is to it," he told himself, and began to tramp back and forth past the fire and in the direction of the river. In the meanwhile Flatfoot sat on a fallen tree, smoking a pipe of red clay with a long reed stem. As neither could understand the language of the

other they could not even converse to relieve the monotony.

An hour thus dragged itself by—a time that to Sam seemed an age. The fire began to die down once more, but neither the Indian nor the boy thought to stir it up, for the brighter the glare the more troublesome became the mosquitoes and gnats that had bothered them ever since the journey up the river had been undertaken.

Thinking that a good washing up would help to keep him awake, Sam turned again to the river, and finding an inlet where he could reach the water with ease he bent down and began to dabble into it up to his elbows. Then he put some of the water on his face and over his neck.

He was thus engaged when a slight noise but a few feet away caused him to turn and stare in that direction. But all was dark and he could see nothing but the dim outlines of the trees, bushes, and vines.

"I must be getting nervous," was his mental comment. "Perhaps it was only the wind—or a night bird fluttering through the trees."

He turned again to the water, but just as his hand went down he heard the noise once more.

This time there was no mistake about it and he leaped for his gun, which rested against a rock. As he caught up the weapon he happened to glance along the branch of a tree and now caught sight of a pair of large eyes, blinking and glaring at him.

CHAPTER XXX

AN OWL AND A TURTLE

As my old readers know, Sam was not naturally a timid youth. He had been placed in more than one position of peril and come out with considerable credit for his coolness and bravery. He was not impulsive and when he did a thing he usually had a good reason for his action.

But now he was taken completely off his guard, and the eyes that blinked and stared at him in such a weird manner caused him to stumble backward in a great hurry. In doing this his foot caught on a tree root and he went sprawling flat. His gun went off, but the charge tore through the tree branches without doing any further damage.

"The jaguar! The jaguar!" he yelled, as soon as he could catch his breath.

By this time the Indian near the fire was running toward him. Flatfoot had his bow and arrow ready, and on the instant came a sharp ping of the

bow-string and the arrow went sailing straight for one of the eyes above the tree branch.

"What is it? Have you shot the jaguar?" queried Amos Strong, and again he leaped up and took hold of his firearm.

"I—I don't know," gasped Sam. "He's up there. The Indian shot at him."

Again the whole party, Indians as well as whites, was aroused and all crowded to the spot, Jake bringing up the rear.

"Look out!" yelled the tall youth. "He may leap down on some of us!"

The eyes had now disappeared, and the crowd came to a halt at a respectable distance. Flatfoot was questioned and said he did not think it was a jaguar or any four-footed beast. What it was he could not tell, as the light on the eyes had not been of the best, but he hazarded a guess that it was an owl.

"An owl!" cried Sam. "Do you mean to tell me those awful eyes belonged to an owl?"

"He may be right," answered Amos Strong. "As you know, owls are numerous throughout Brazil, and some of the varieties have eyes that, in the dark, are enough to scare anybody."

The Indians had begun to walk around the tree, each with a fire-brand in his hand. They could see nothing of any animal, and a brand flung up into the branches brought forth no commotion. Then The Monkey began to climb up, a well-lighted brand in his teeth. Soon he set up a shout, and the next moment sent to the ground a big owl, with Flatfoot's arrow sticking directly through its head.

"There's your jaguar, Sam!" cried Mark.

"Well, I never!" murmured the boy from Boston. And then he added: "Perhaps that's the so-called beast you saw in the bushes."

"No, I don't think it's the same," said Professor Strong. "You must remember the Indians saw the tracks of that beast, and so did I."

Even the Indians were inclined to smile at Sam's fright, and the youth was very much chagrined. But Mark told him to take it in good part.

"I would have tried to retreat myself," said the older youth. "To be attacked by a jaguar would be no fun."

After that nothing more came to disturb them during the night. At sunrise the camp was again

astir, and after a hot breakfast the journey along the river was once more resumed.

To some the trip might have appeared monotonous, but it was not so to the young explorers. They realized that they were getting deeper and deeper into the wilds of Brazil and at every step there was something new and interesting. Strange trees and still stranger bushes and vines claimed their attention. Some trees were immense in thickness while others challenged their admiration because of their enormous height. Some trees had hundreds of branches, many only four or five feet from the ground, while others shot up into the air seventy-five and a hundred feet before a single limb appeared. Once they came to a spot where the vines interlacing formed a bridge from one clump of trees to another, a distance of several yards. The bridge was alive with monkeys, swinging and chattering as if they thoroughly enjoyed it. Below the vines, basking in the sun, were several enormous alligators, that quickly slid out of sight into the mud and water as the canoe came closer.

"I reckon those alligators were waiting for some of the monkeys to drop," observed Darry.

"Yes, and the monkeys were teasing the 'ga-

Around came the creature's tail and hit the canoe's side. — *Page 309.*

tors into thinking they might drop," replied Frank.

Once there came a scare that startled everybody on board and made even the Indians hustle to save themselves from going overboard and being devoured. The canoe was being borne along swiftly when directly in the course of the craft appeared a large alligator, coming up from under the surface of the Amazon. Before either beast or boat could get out of the way the craft struck the alligator midway of the back and slid up fully a foot into the air. Then around came the creature's tail and hit the canoe's side a blow that came close to smashing the framework. One of the Indians' two paddles was knocked overboard and the red man himself pitched headlong on top of Darry.

"An alligator!" screamed Frank. "Look out, everybody!"

"We are going overboard!" came from Sam, but in a moment more the canoe righted itself and the alligator slid from sight whence it had come.

"Well, that was a narrow shave!" declared Mark, after the confusion had subsided. "Just think of what would have happened had the boat gone over!"

"That alligator would have had a first-class feast," put in Jake. "I'll tell you what, traveling on this river isn't as safe as it appears to be," and he shook his head decidedly.

The next day proved that the rainy season was not yet at an end. A downpour started about noon, while they were still six miles from where the rubber plant was said to be located, and it came down so furiously that the whole party was glad enough to seek any shelter that the vicinity afforded. Fortunately there was but little thunder and lightning, for which the young explorers were truly thankful.

"That storm we had while we were at the hotel cooked me," was Frank's comment. "I want no more such."

A short distance back from the river was a rise of ground where were located a series of rough rocks. Among the rocks grew a clump of short trees with immense sprawling roots, and between the roots and the rocks they found a shelter that just suited them. There was an opening at least twelve feet in height and thirty or forty feet in diameter, the great roots sticking downward here and there like some quaintly twisted pillars. The

flooring was hard and sloped toward the stream, so the rain ran off without touching them.

"This would make quite a camping spot if we were certain there were no snakes around," remarked Sam, after a fire had been built and some of their stores had been brought up from the canoe. "Spread a canvas on the upper side of those roots and not a drop of water would come down here."

"Do you think there are any snakes, professor?" asked Darry.

"There is no telling. We can take a look around."

All, including the Indians, did so, but nothing in the shape of a reptile was brought to light. Then The Monkey told them, through Owl Head, that snakes were rarely found around a *bamlaca,* as he called the tree, on account of the peculiar odor of the bark, which smelt strongly of turpentine.

The storm kept up for the rest of the day and all of the night. The travelers were tired out and those not on guard spent most of their time in sleeping.

By noon of the next day it had cleared. The sun, shining brightly, caused a rapid evaporation that filled the forest with a vapor that was almost over-

powering. The birds and monkeys, which had been silent, burst into song and chatter, punctuated ever and anon with the discordant noises of the macaws and parrots. At a distance they also heard a strange barking, that the Indians said came from the red foxes of that locality.

Because of the storm the Indians were anxious to do some fishing along the river shore and so the journey was still further delayed, the boys joining in the sport, and with excellent result; they soon having sixteen fish to their credit and hardly any that weighed less than a pound.

"This beats fishing at home," remarked Darry. "I never had so many bites in my life."

The fishing had almost come to an end when the Indians said they were going to try for a turtle, The Monkey having seen traces of one a little distance up the river bank. A stout cord was procured, to which was tied a small double pointed stick. This stick was carefully covered with fresh meat, and the bait was dropped into the river close to where The Monkey supposed the turtle might be.

For several minutes the bait remained undisturbed and then came a faint nibble followed by

another. But the Indian did not move the line in the least. A full minute passed and at last came a tug that caused The Monkey to brace himself and yell to his companions. Flatfoot came running up, and both hauled in on the line with vigor.

"They've got something, that's certain," said Frank, who, with the rest, was watching the process with deep interest.

Presently appeared the head and neck of a big turtle and then the shell. He was fighting desperately to get away. But he had swallowed the bait and the sharp-pointed stick was now crosswise of his stomach. He took a firm hold of the river bank and from that point refused to budge.

"There's a tug of war for you!" cried Mark. "But I'll wager the Indians win out."

Owl Head and Wild Horse were now at hand and the leader drew his sharp hunting knife, intending to cut the neck of the turtle. But as he made the pass the turtle drew up his shell, and neck and head disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

Wild Horse now seized a paddle and with this pried up the rear end of the turtle. The prey kicked wildly, but could do nothing at this end. Then the paddle was placed under him, and in a

twinkling the turtle was turned over on his back, and the Indians set up a shout of victory.

"They've got him now—he's as helpless as a baby on his back," said Jake. What the tall youth said was true, and now the Indians drew their prize still further up the bank, and proceeded to kill it at their leisure. The turtle measured two feet across the shell and was three feet long.

"Now we can have turtle soup!" cried Sam. "Talk about living high! We'll be regular epicures before long."

As it would take some time to dress the turtle the professor decided to leave the camp in charge of the Indians and put in a few hours at hunting. The boys were more than willing to go, and soon the whole party started. Nobody dreamed of the stirring adventure that awaited them in the forest, or of the surprise in store for them upon their return.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE FIGHT WITH THE JAGUAR

Among the trees it was still wet, but in the midst of the jungle there was a sort of trail, or opening, leading up to a slight rise of ground. Along this opening they took their way, the professor in advance and Sam and Mark bringing up the rear. Two of the party were armed with rifles, Amos Strong and Frank, and the others carried shot-guns. In addition, each had a pistol or a knife, and Mark and Sam carried game-bags filled with things to eat, in case the hunt should prove unsuccessful and they should find themselves unable to get back to camp by the next meal time.

"I hope we find something worth shooting," remarked Darry, as he stepped along close behind the professor. "I hate to go on a wild-goose chase."

"Well a wild goose-chase is a good chase when you are after wild geese, Dartworth," answered the professor dryly. "But I know what you mean,

and I agree with you," he added. "It is like going fishing without catching."

The top of the rise was reached in a quarter of an hour and they gathered to take a look at the surroundings. As far as the eye could reach the forest extended, broken only by the mighty Amazon and a small stream flowing into it. Some distance back from the Amazon the smaller stream formed a lake, or lagoon, and here were rich grass and some tender young trees.

"We will make our way to yonder lake," announced Amos Strong. "A spot like that is generally an attractive one for a large number of wild animals. The smaller beasts go there to feed on the grass and the shoots of the young trees, and the larger ones go to hunt down the others."

Getting over to the sheet of water was not so easy. There was nothing in the shape of a path, and at certain points the underbrush and vines made progress all but impossible. In the midst of the thicket they had to draw their hunting knives and literally cut their way through.

"This won't last," said Amos Strong. "We shall soon reach a bend of that creek and then we can follow to the lake."

"Hark!" cried Sam, presently. "What an odd noise!"

"That is nothing but a Brazilian woodpecker," answered the professor. "They tap the trees here just as they do in our own country."

As they neared the small stream the professor cautioned them to move slower and keep their eyes and ears open for game. This they did, and a minute later Darry caught sight of some animal resting on a tree limb not fifty feet away.

"Hullo! there is something!" he whispered, and without further words raised his weapon and blazed away. As the shot echoed through the forest the animal gave a leap into the air and then fell to the ground, turning and twisting and clawing the tree roots in its death agony.

"Wait, I'll give it another shot!" came from Jake, and he too blazed away, and then the beast stretched itself out and lay still.

When they drew closer they saw that it was about the size of a large cat, but with a fuller head, and a tail twice as long and thick in proportion. It was dun-colored, with a ridge of black on its back, and its claws were long and sharp.

"That is a kinkajou, or potto," said the profes-

sor, after an examination. "By some of the Brazilians they are called honey bears, for with their tongues, which are usually long, they lick out the honey from every beehive they can find. The tail, which you can see is somewhat worn at the end, is used like an arm, to bring things out of holes and cracks."

"Are they very fierce?" asked Frank.

"I imagine you would find this animal about as bad as a wild-cat in a hand-to-hand fight, Frank. But the kinkajou can be tamed, and in some parts of the country the folks make household pets of them."

"What about the meat?" questioned Jake.

"I cannot say much about it, for I never ate it. We'll ask the Indians about it."

Darry was quite proud of his haul, and with good reason. He shouldered it in triumph, and once more they went on their way. As they came in full view of the small stream the professor raised his hand as a signal to halt.

"Something is down there, moving in the grass," he whispered. "I can't make out what it is. Wait here while I investigate."

They dropped behind some bushes and waited.

Only the distant chattering of some monkeys broke the stillness, for the woodpecker had now ceased his tree tapping. The opening was filled with vapor, so to see anything at a distance distinctly was by no means easy.

The professor was gone several minutes when he came back and gathered the others around him.

"Make no noise and I will show you a sight worth seeing," he whispered. "Hold yourselves ready to shoot when I give the signal."

Wondering what was coming next the young explorers followed their instructor through the tall grass and up to a position behind some sprawling tree roots. Here they could obtain a fair view of the little stream and also the muddy bank. now torn up in several places.

The sight that met their gaze was certainly an extraordinary one. A dozen feet from the water's edge lay a half-grown alligator, bleeding from several wounds in the neck and back. Crouched close to the animal's tail was a large beast of the tiger variety, with gleaming eyes and a tail that swayed slowly from side to side. This beast had a wounded paw and a left ear that was bleeding.

"It's a jaguar," whispered Amos Strong to Mark. "I think the same that you wounded."

"But what are he and the alligator doing?" questioned the youth addressed.

"It's a fight between them, and the jaguar has the better of it."

The professor had scarcely spoken when with a quick swish of the tail the alligator turned and made a snap at the jaguar. But though the saurian was quick, the jaguar was quicker and leaped back out of the way. Then the alligator turned to enter the water.

It was now the jaguar's chance to attack, and with a snarl it landed straight on its opponent's back and made a clutch at the scaly neck. There was a cracking of bone and muscle and the alligator squirmed and twisted and then lay still. Seeing this the jaguar jumped back and resumed the position it had occupied when first discovered.

"Is the alligator dead?" whispered Mark.

"I think not."

Fully a minute passed and the jaguar crouched low, watching the alligator as a cat watches a mouse. Then came another turn from the saurian, another leap to safety by the beast of the jungle,

and then the same fierce attack on the alligator's neck. This attack was followed by a clawing at the alligator's eyes, one of which was dislodged from its socket.

"This is enough to make a fellow sick," declared Mark, and turned away for a moment. "Let's shoot the jaguar, and the alligator, too."

"Very well," answered the professor. "Which do you want to aim at?"

All of the young explorers wanted to kill the jaguar, so Amos Strong said he would fire on the alligator. With caution they changed their positions, so as to get the best aim. As they were settling into place a large bird flew directly over their heads.

Everybody's nerves were at strong tension and the passage of the bird made several of the youths jump. This created considerable noise and in quick alarm the jaguar turned. Seeing the hunters, it forgot all about its enemy, the alligator, and faced the new peril. The saurian saw the move and with a quick scramble reached the water, dropped in with a loud splash, and disappeared from view.

Crack! it was the professor's rifle that rang out. Bang! went Sam's shot-gun immediately afterward,

and the jaguar leaped high in the air and then darted behind some rocks. It was badly, but by no means mortally, wounded. Its gleaming eyes shone like balls of fire, and it looked angry enough to strike terror to the heart of any hunter.

"He is coming for us!" shrieked Jake, and discharged his gun. His aim was a trifle low and only a few of the shot penetrated the wild beast's paw. The animal paused only an instant, then leaped straight for Mark.

It was a fearful attack and the youth went headlong, discharging his gun directly into the foot of the jaguar. The beast clutched the gun barrel and Mark did his best to hold it at arm's length.

The only one of the boys who had remained cool was Frank. His rifle was at his shoulder, but so far he had not pulled the trigger, for he was in no position to shoot to advantage. Now the boy was right in range, and taking aim at one of those gleaming eyes he fired.

It was the shot that told, and the echo had not yet died away when the jaguar fell back in a limp mass on the long grass. There was not even a death struggle, although the others thought there might

be, and Darry made a sure thing of it by running up and giving the beast a charge of shot in the side.

"What a fearful beast to fight!" gasped Jake, when he could speak. "I—I thought sure he was going to eat me up!"

"Wonder if he is dead or only playing 'possum," came from Sam, anxiously.

The professor ran closer, knife in hand. "He is perfectly dead," he said after an examination.

Now that they were sure this monarch of the Brazilian jungle was really dead, they examined the body with interest. It was nearly five feet in length and covered with a light skin, thickly sprinkled with rosettes, or spots having one or two smaller spots within. The tail was short and strong, and the feet were well developed. The head was like that of a tiger with the long side hair missing. From the head to a short distance down the tail was a blackish mark, or series of long dashes, and these marks also covered the breast.

"I'll tell you what, he must have been a powerful beast," observed Mark.

"Here is where Mark shot him," said Amos Strong, pointing to the wounded paw. "That wound would have driven many a wild beast to its

den, but it didn't stop the jaguar from attacking the alligator."

"Perhaps he was good and hungry," came from Frank.

"That skin ought to make a good robe," said Jake.

"Properly tanned it will, Jacob, and such a skin is worth, at Para, twenty or thirty dollars."

It was decided to hang the game up in a tree, along with the kinkajou Darry had shot, and later on send the Indians around in the boat after the prizes. This settled on, it did not take long to swing the two animals on high, and then the journey toward the lake was continued.

"I am afraid that our shooting has scared away all the other game," said Amos Strong, and so, to a great extent, it proved. They brought down a few birds, and Jake stirred up a wild hog and laid it low, but that was all.

"Never mind, a jaguar is sport enough for all," said Professor Strong. "Any hunter would feel very proud of such a showing."

An hour later found them on the way to the camp. All were tired out by the tramp taken and progress was consequently slow.

"Listen," said Sam, when they were almost in view of where they had left the Indians. "Am I mistaken, or do I hear somebody talking in English?"

"You are not mistaken," answered Mark, after a pause. "That is somebody talking English, and it isn't Owl Head or Flatfoot either."

"I think I know that voice!" exclaimed Jake, in strong excitement. "I'll wager a new suit of clothes it is Dan Markel who is speaking!"

CHAPTER XXXII

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL

"If it is Dan Markel, who is with him?" came from Darry, after another pause, during which they heard the newcomers talking in a rather excited manner.

"That remains to be found out," answered Mark. "Let us get close enough to hear without showing ourselves. We may learn something to our advantage."

All, even to Professor Strong, were willing to do this, for they considered Markel nothing more than a rascal who needed watching. They moved forward and took station at a spot that was not a dozen feet away from the newcomers.

Peering forth through the bushes they beheld the man from Baltimore talking in English to Barnabe Costavo and two other men, evidently Brazilians. The discussion was an animated one and had evidently reached its climax.

"That's what I say and that is what I stick to," came from Dan Markel angrily. "It was your fault that the papers were lost and it will be your fault if Professor Strong and his crowd cause us any trouble."

"You should have picked the papers up—it was not right to leave them lie," answered Barnabe Costavo. "If there is trouble it will be your fault, not mine."

"Where are the papers now, did you say?" demanded Markel, turning to Owl Head.

The Indian shrugged his shoulders. He knew they were in the professor's box, but did not care to say so.

"I say, where are they?" roared the man from Baltimore. "I want no fooling about this. Those papers belong to us—Professor Strong has no right to hold them."

Wild Horse was listening intently to the talk, trying to make out what was said. Now he addressed Barnabe Costavo in a few words of broken Portuguese and learned that the papers were wanted.

"What give for them?" he questioned.

"Oh, we will be sure to pay you handsomely," said the Portuguese.

At once Wild Horse felt sorry that he had let the professor have the documents. The professor had promised him five dollars. Perhaps these whites would give more. He asked if ten dollars would be given for the papers and Costavo said yes. Then White Horse took the Portuguese to where the box stood, covered with a square of canvas.

"In there," he said, in his Indian dialect, and pointed to the box.

"Are the papers in there?" questioned Markel, and drawing some papers from his pocket he pointed first to them and then to the box, and Wild Horse nodded.

"The box is locked," said Costavo. "To break it open will be——"

"I don't care what it is," interrupted Dan Markel. "I'm going to have those documents and that is all there is to it."

"Is it, Markel?" demanded Amos Strong, and came out into the opening. "I'll thank you to let that box alone."

The professor carried his rifle across his forearm and the man from Baltimore leaped back in dismay. Costavo was also surprised, and so were the men with him. All looked uneasily, first at Amos

Strong, and then at the armed youths behind him.

"I guess you didn't expect to meet us quite so soon, did you, Markel?" questioned Jake, with a grin.

"Of course I expected to meet you," blustered the man from Baltimore. "I came here to get something belonging to me."

"Where did you leave your friend J. Langnack Green?" came from Darry. "The last time we saw him he was looking all over for you."

"I don't know anybody by the name of Green."

"Don't you?" put in Frank. "Then if you don't perhaps a man by the name of James Haverlock does. You can change your name easier than a leopard can his spots, can't you?"

"See here, I want none of your fooling," growled Markel, growing red. "I've had enough of this whole crowd in the past. But I do want some papers belonging to me and Señor Costavo there," he added doggedly.

"Markel, perhaps we had better talk matters over," said Amos Strong, in a calm but firm tone. "You cannot humbug me and you'll waste your

breath trying. I understand you thoroughly, and you'll get nothing from me until you are willing to do what is fair and square."

"You have some papers——"

"And I shall keep them for the present."

"They are not yours."

"That is true."

"They belong to me."

"Perhaps you'll be able to get them from the authorities of the next town we stop at," returned Amos Strong significantly. "I can leave them there and also leave word concerning the owner."

"Make him give up J. Langnack Green's money," put in Frank.

"I—I don't know this man Green—or whatever his name is," stammered the man from Baltimore, but now his face grew a trifle pale.

"We know better," came from Jake. "Markel, your game is up and you had better shell out. I don't know how you got away from the authorities at Fort de France, Martinique, but you're not going to get away so easily this time."

"Evidently you have known Mr. Markel for some time," said Barnabe Costavo to the professor, in Portuguese.

"Yes, and we know he is a thorough rascal," answered Amos Strong briefly. "He swindled that young man," pointing to Jake, "and he has swindled many others. If you are honest I do not see how you can associate with him."

"Ha! I am perfectly honest!" growled Barnabe Costavo, but his manner did not substantiate his assertion.

After this a long and angry discussion came close to ending in a hand-to-hand fight. Both Markel and Costavo wanted the papers in the box, and threatened all sort of things if they were not forthcoming. On the other side Amos Strong and the young explorers tried their best to make Markel give up the money that belonged to J. Langnack Green.

In the midst of the talk one of the Indians, who had walked down to the river bank, set up a shout, which was quickly taken up by Owl Head.

"A steamer is coming down! Do you want help from her?"

"Yes! yes!" cried Amos Strong. "Stop that steamer by all means!"

Two of the Indians immediately leaped into the canoe and began to paddle out into the stream to

intercept the boat, which was coming down rapidly with the current.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Dan Markel angrily.

"I'll show you in a little while," answered Amos Strong. "These steamers usually carry an officer or two on board."

"Not much you won't!" muttered the man from Baltimore. "Come on, Costavo, come on!" And turning he rushed up the river bank, with Barnabe Costavo and the others of their party behind them.

"Stop them!" cried Jake, and moved to raise his gun, but the professor stopped him.

"We want no bloodshed here, Jacob. This is a matter for the officers of the law."

"But they'll get away——"

"I don't think they'll go any further than that rubber plant. I can spread the news concerning them by means of those on the steamer."

By the time the steamer had been stopped the other party was out of sight. The Indians hurried back and took the professor and Mark out in mid-stream, where the captain of the *Buena Vista* demanded to know what was wanted.

"We have just parted with some rascals," replied

Amos Strong, "and we want to send word down to the nearest town about them."

He then told his story, making it as brief as he could. On hearing about the rubber plant the captain of the steamer laughed heartily.

"That has been in the market for years," he said, in Spanish. "Twice have they tried to sell it on the sly, but have failed. It was a visionary scheme in the first place and the plant is positively worthless. I know this for a fact, for a friend of mine once investigated it thoroughly. Your friend, Mr. Jefferson Beldon, had better look out for himself and his pocketbook."

The captain was quite willing to spread the news, and said he would also send word to J. Langnack Green and set the authorities on Dan Markel's track. After a few words more the steamer and the canoe separated, and the professor and Mark returned to shore.

As already mentioned, they had expected to push on without further delay, but now they changed their plans and determined to stay where they were and watch for the coming of some steamer up the river.

"The very next boat may bring Mr. Beldon up,

and perhaps Green and some officers," said Amos Strong. "If we push along we may miss them."

The Indians were much astonished to learn that the hunters had brought down a full-grown jaguar and also a kinkajou, and they readily consented to go after the game. The only one that was sulky was Wild Horse, who was sorry he had not been able to turn the papers over to Barnabe Costavo, and thus get more money for them. But matters were explained to him through Owl Head, and then he became more cheerful and said he was glad that the papers were still in Professor Strong's possession.

After dinner, the first thing that claimed the attention of the boys was the laying out of a regular camp and the erection of the tent that had been brought along. This took until nightfall, but when the task was completed they found themselves as cozy as any of them could wish. By that time the Indians came in with the game, and then wood was cut for a large camp-fire, and they tried some of the meat that their hunting had brought to them, finding the chops of the wild hog Jake had shot exceedingly sweet and nutritious. The Indians also brought in some turtle soup and some fruits, and the

whole party enjoyed such a spread as they had not had since leaving civilization behind them.

The two days that followed were given over entirely to hunting and fishing. During that time the young explorers brought down many birds and also an agouti, an animal larger than a rabbit and with many of the characteristics of a rat. This was found in a hollow by Frank, who chanced to stir the place with the butt of his gun. As the animal made a leap Frank fired and the agouti dropped dead before it could take another step.

The young explorers also brought down a great number of squirrels, which proved delicious eating when made into a squirrel pot-pie. They thought they would get some nuts from the squirrel nests, but in this were mistaken.

"I guess Mr. Squirrel doesn't have to store his nuts in Brazil," said Sam. "He doesn't know what a hard, bleak winter is."

Sunday was passed quietly in camp, the professor reading several chapters of the Bible to the boys and following it up with the reading aloud of a sermon from a volume he had purchased before leaving home. The Indians went fishing, and one of them, in the afternoon, showed the lads

how to make a neat basket of rushes and heavy grass.

Monday noon there was great excitement among the red men, in which the young explorers speedily joined. A manatee had been seen by Flatfoot feeding on the grass of the river shore, some distance below the camp. The Indians made preparations to capture the creature, and the young explorers went along to see how the task would be accomplished.

"The manatee, or sea-cow, so called, is quite large," said Professor Strong, "growing to a length of six to seven feet. It has a round, heavy body and the tail of a fish. Its head is like that of a hippopotamus and a seal combined, and it has flippers like a seal. It feeds on grass and herbs, and is said to make good eating. They are fairly plentiful near the mouth of the Amazon and of the Orinoco, but they are rare up here."

Owl Head had supplied himself with a pole to which was attached a spear-head, and the other Indians had a large net fastened to several ropes. They made their way to where the manatee had been seen and then Owl Head climbed into a tree overlooking the water, while the others hid themselves in the bushes.

CHAPTER XXXIII

END OF THE JOURNEY—FAREWELL

A good half-hour passed—to the anxious young explorers it seemed an age—and then Owl Head gave a low whistle, like that of a certain kind of bird.

"It is a sign that he has seen the sea-cow," whispered Professor Strong. "Now watch him."

The youths were at a point where they could see the Indian quite clearly. From a pouch he carried they beheld Owl Head throw down on the water some fine grass and bits of newly cut twigs.

This bait, if such it may be called, was promptly seen by the sea-cow, and presently it came drifting in that direction and began to feed.

Owl Head awaited his opportunity and just as the creature was directly beneath him he let drive with the harpoon, using all the strength at his command. It sank deeply into the sea-cow's side and

was followed immediately by a rush of blood that made the water crimson.

"*Jorawak!*" shouted Owl Head loudly. "He is caught!" And then he commanded the others to come up with the net. This they did with a rush, and as soon as the net had been lowered around the manatee they all pulled with might and main on both harpoon and net to haul the prize ashore. The boys helped on the ropes, and although the sea-cow thrashed lustily and sent great quantities of water over the crowd, they did not give up, and at last the creature lay helpless on the bank. Then The Monkey ran up and killed the sea-cow by forcing a sharp-pointed plug up its nostrils—the common way among all the Indians of accomplishing this end.

"Well, that certainly is a haul," observed Mark, as they looked the sea-cow over. "I suppose such a creature is worth a good deal to the red men."

"It certainly is, Mark. They love the meat, and the cow furnishes a good hide and considerable oil," answered Amos Strong.

After that two more days were passed in hunting and fishing. Small game of all sorts were laid low, and they seldom let a line drop into the stream but

that something was caught. Once Frank got a shot at a Brazilian deer, but the beautiful creature got away from him, Sam and Jake killed a rattlesnake fully six feet long, both shooting the reptile in the head, and of this exploit they were deservedly proud.

"I'll tell you what," declared Frank. "This is just the best outing yet. We are having more fun than we did on the Orinoco."

"And we are not getting lost either," added Frank.

If the boys were delighted, so was the professor. What pleased him more than anything was the fact that all his charges were on such good terms with each other. The change in Jake was certainly great and he sincerely trusted that the youth would continue to control his temper and do his best to make a man of himself.

Every day the river was watched for a vessel from Manáos, and one morning Owl Head gave out the glad tidings that such a craft was now in sight. At once the crowd got into the canoe and paddled out to meet the boat.

"Hurrah!" shouted Mark. "There is Mr. Beldon and his family."

"And there is J. Langnack Green," put in Sam. "I'll wager he is after his money."

The steamer came to a stop, and after some talking the Beldon family came ashore, followed by the dude and two quiet-looking Brazilians who proved to be officers of the law.

"Awfully glad to meet you again, don't you know!" exclaimed J. Langnack Green. "Came to have that beastly Markel arrested."

"You'll have to find him first," said Sam.

"What a lovely spot for camping," said Edith Beldon, and her sisters said the same. They made the boys take them around and show them the game brought down, and all spent some time playing with Parkie, who seemed delighted to make new friends.

Jefferson Beldon listened to what Amos Strong had to tell with close attention. He asked many questions concerning Barnabe Costavo and his companions, and about Dan Markel, and at the conclusion looked exceedingly thoughtful.

"I think you have saved me from a very bad investment, professor," he said. "I have been in communication with Costavo since he was in Colon, and he wrote to me that he had an American with him at Manáos who could prove the value of the

rubber plant to me. Now it appears the whole thing is little short of a swindle."

"I can only tell you what I know and what I have heard," answered Amos Strong. "You'll have to use your own judgment about the real value of the plant."

"Even if it was of value I shouldn't wish to have any business dealings with such men as Costavo and Markel," came from the old planter decidedly.

Matters were talked over until noon, and it was decided that the whole party should move up toward the rubber plant. The officers were to go along, and to one of them Amos Strong turned over the documents claimed by Markel and Costavo.

The captain of the steamer had loaned the Beldon party a boat, so it was an easy matter to make the journey. It was decided by the professor that his own party should not come back to the spot, but push on up the Amazon to the end of their tour. Accordingly the tent was taken down and everything stored for the trip.

The professor and Jake went with Mr. Beldon, and two of the girls came into the craft occupied by Mark and his chums. This made the journey more than usually pleasant, and the boys were sorry

when it came to an end, and they landed on the shore of a small stream flowing into the Amazon.

"The rubber plant is a quarter of a mile from here," said one of the officers, after a consultation with Owl Head. "We shall have to go over on foot."

The party to go was composed of the officers, Jefferson Beldon, J. Langnack Green, the professor, and Mark and Sam, the others remaining behind to protect the girls and Mrs. Beldon.

The route taken was no easy one to traverse, being through a jungle where the trail was thickly overgrown with vines and a short thorny bush that hurt at the least touch.

"Really, I was never in such a beastly place in my life," observed the dude. "Oh, dear, I am stuck in half a dozen places!" And he let out another yell as a thorn entered the fleshy part of his left leg.

At last they reached a clearing, and not far away saw a row of low buildings which they knew must be part of the rubber plant. Some of the buildings were in a state of decay, but it was evident that considerable work had been done to fix them up.

"They have been getting ready for you," said the professor to Jefferson Beldon, with a smile.

"Well, they will find that they have had their labor for nothing," replied the planter grimly.

In one of the buildings a lively discussion was going on, and they recognized the voices of Dan Markel, Barnabe Costavo, and their companions.

"I don't think he'll come at all," Markel was saying. "If he was coming he'd be here before this."

"That may be true," answered Costavo. "Still——"

"To tell the truth, I am getting afraid to stay here any longer," went on the man from Baltimore. "There is no telling what Strong and his crowd may take it into their heads to do."

"What can he do—in such a place as this?" questioned the Portuguese. "The law cannot do much in such a wilderness."

"That sissy of a dude, Green, may take it into his head to come up."

"How dare you?" bellowed J. Langnack Green wrathfully. "Call me a sissy, will you? Officer, arrest that man!" And running forward he caught Dan Markel by the arm.

Instantly there was a commotion, and the Brazilian officers of the law ran forward. While one caught hold of Markel the other confronted Costavo. It looked as if there might be a struggle, but Costavo's intimates would not fight, so the Portuguese and the man from Baltimore had to surrender.

"This is surely a fine manner in which to treat a gentleman," said Barnabe Costavo in his own language.

"If you are a gentleman you have nothing to fear from us," answered one of the officers significantly.

"I want my money back!" cried J. Langnack Green to Markel. "I want it back right away, you horrid fellow!"

"What money are you talking about?" asked the man from Baltimore evasively. The sudden turn of affairs had bewildered him.

"You know well enough."

"Markel, you might as well give up," put in Sam. "We know you of old, and your little game has come to an end."

"You lent me some money," said Markel to Green, craftily. "I'll pay you back just as I

promised. There's nothing wrong about that, is there?"

"Let me see the money first," answered the dude eagerly. His allowance was again running low and he was anxious to replenish it.

"There you are." Dan Markel drew some silver and bills from his pocket. "Every cent of it. Now I reckon we are square," he muttered.

The dude counted the money over. "Yes, that is all right," he said. He placed the money in his own pocket. "Just the same, Mr. Haverlock, or Markel, or whatever your name is, I think you are a dishonest chap, don't you know, and I never want you to speak to me again."

"Don't you worry—you're too much of a sissy and a dude to bother with," growled Markel in return.

"If you've got so much money you had better settle some of your old scores with us," said Mark. "I think you owe Jake Hockley something."

"You can't prove it!" roared the man from Baltimore. "You can't touch me here for what happened in other countries."

In the meantime Beldon, Costavo, and the officers had been having an interesting conversation. Cos-

tavo and his friends were furious when they learned how Amos Strong had exposed them to Jefferson Beldon, and that the plan to sell the rubber plant at a great profit had fallen through.

"I shall not forget this—never!" cried Barnabe Costavo to Amos Strong. "You crossed my path at Colon and now here. I shall remember you!" And he shook his hand savagely.

"I think I had better make charges against this fellow," said Jefferson Beldon to the professor. "I think I can put him where he won't be able to harm you at least for a while."

"I am not afraid of him," returned Amos Strong briefly.

The officers were willing enough to take Costavo in charge and did so. But they could not hold Costavo's intimates, nor did they see their way clear to holding Markel, now that he had restored Green's money.

"It's all right, let him go," said the dude. "I don't want the beastly bother of appearing against him in court."

"Having to give up the money is punishment enough for Markel," put in Mark. "By the looks of his pocketbook he hasn't but a few dollars left,

and that won't last him long in such an out-of-the-way place as this."

The others agreed with the youth, and it was decided to let the man from Baltimore go his own way. He looked sour and gloomy when they were ready to depart and so did the men who had been Costavo's followers.

"We'll meet again some time," said Markel to the young explorers. "You've got the upper hand now, but you may not keep it."

"We'll be ready for you, if we ever do meet," answered Sam, and that was the last said to the fellow.

Half an hour later they moved back to where the boats had been left, the officers taking Costavo with them. The Portuguese begged for his liberty, but Jefferson Beldon would not listen.

"You made your own bed and now you can sleep in it," said the old planter. "If it hadn't been for my friends here, buying your worthless rubber plant would have cost me thousands of dollars. I'll fix it so you can't work that worthless plant off on somebody else." And in the end Jefferson Beldon kept his word.

"And that's the end of that adventure," said

Mark later on. "After all, everything turned out for the best."

"Just as it should, when one is in the right," replied Sam.

"I'm glad the affair is over," came from Darry. "Now we can hunt and fish and enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content."

"Right you are!" cried Frank. "And won't we just have the best time ever was!" he said gleefully.

Let me add a few words more and then bring to a close this tale of sightseeing and adventures in Brazil and along the mighty Amazon.

As soon as the boats were gained the whole party returned to the shore of the Amazon and went into a temporary camp, where the majority remained for eight days.

During that time a steamer came along bound for Para, and the captain readily consented to take on board the Beldon family, Green, and the officers with Costavo.

"If ever you come our way again be sure and visit us," said Jefferson Beldon to the professor and the boys.

"Yes, visit us by all means!" cried the girls,

and then, with a waving of handkerchiefs and hats, the two parties separated.

"Nice people," was Frank's comment. "I wish the girls could have stayed longer."

"Frank's smitten!" cried Darry, and then he added mischievously: "Never mind, Frankie, dear, you'll get over it in time. It's like a dose of mumps, you know."

"I'll smite you!" exclaimed Frank, and chased Darry completely around the camp.

"I don't blame Frank for liking them," said Mark. "They were just all right."

It had been decided by the professor to take a steamer bound up the river, and one day a craft came along which looked as if she might suit their purpose. The steamer was bound for Tabatinga, located where the Marañon River and the Javary unite to form the Amazon.

"Tabatinga is a town and military post, just this side of the boundary line between Brazil and Peru," said the professor. "It will make an excellent stopping-place until we make up our minds where we want to go next."

"Peru!" ejaculated Sam. "Then we'll have traveled completely across Brazil!"

"Perhaps we can climb the Andes Mountains next," came from Jake, who had not forgotten his desire to go there when on the Isthmus.

"To be sure," put in Darry readily. "And we can hunt for some of that gold, too, Jake."

"That settles it; we're off!" cried Frank. "Hope we have lots of fun and adventures where we go next." His wish was fulfilled, as will be found in the next volume of this "Pan-American Series," in which we shall meet all our young friends again.

The sail up the river to Tabatinga proved a delightful one. The weather was clear, and the young explorers spent most of the time on deck looking at the scenery.

"Tell you what," said Mark, "Brazil is a great country."

"Yes, and the Amazon is a great river," added Frank. "I shall never forget this trip as long as I live."

"None of us will," came from Darry.

And the others agreed with him.

THE END

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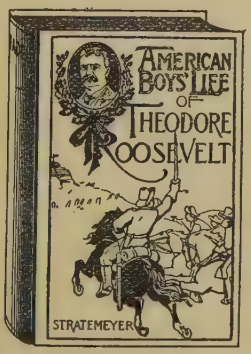

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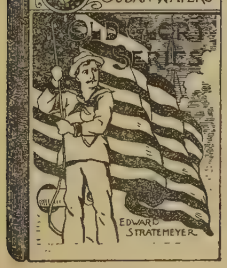

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